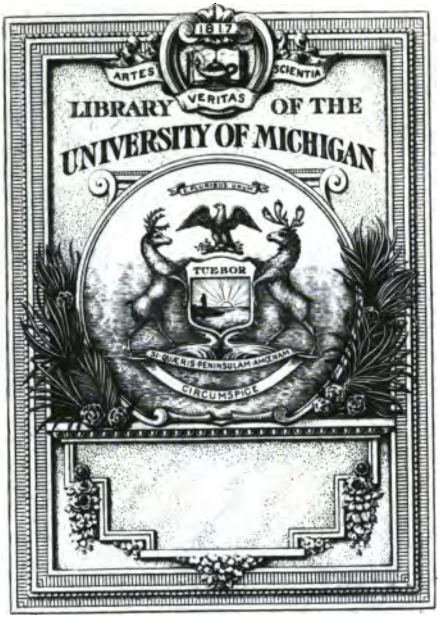
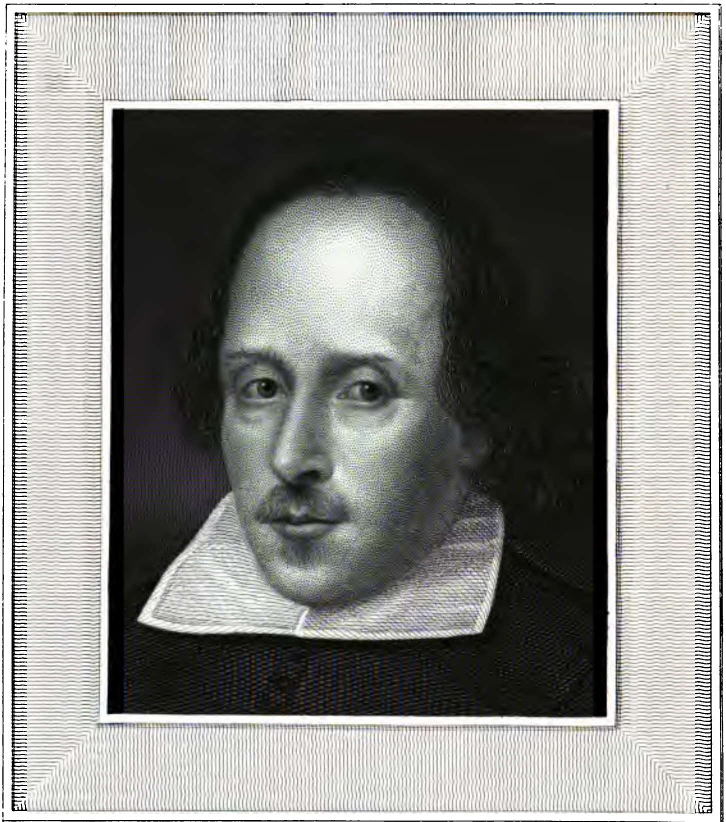
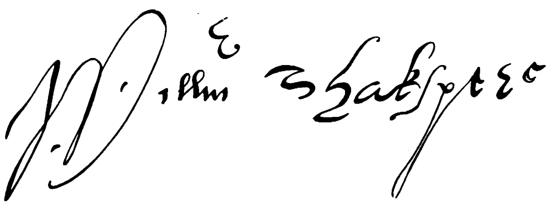

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To Irving K. Pond from his brother Allen B. Pond AD 1882.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

Daniel Webster,

OUR GREATEST ORATOR, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, THE SAVER OF OUR NATIONAL UNION, THE CROWN AND CONSUMMATION OF AMERICAN INTELLECT AND MANHOOD, THIS EDITION OF HIS FAVOURITE POET IS, WITH REVERENTIAL AFFECTION, INSCRIBED BY THE

EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE most obvious peculiarity of this edition is, that it has two sets of notes; one mainly devoted to explaining the text, and printed at the foot of the page; the other mostly occupied with matters of textual comment and criticism, and printed at the end of each play. Of course the purpose of this double annotation is, to suit the work, as far as practicable, to the uses both of the general reader and of the special student. Now, whatever of explanation general readers may need, they naturally prefer to have it directly before them; and in at least nine cases out of ten they will pass over an obscure word or phrase or allusion without understanding it, rather than stay to look up the explanation either in another volume or in another part of the same volume. Often, too, in case the explanation be not directly at hand, they will go elsewhere in quest of it, and then find, after all, that the editor has left the matter unexplained; so that the search will be to no purpose: whereas, with the plan of foot-notes, they will commonly see at once how the matter stands, and what they have to expect, and so will be spared the labour and vexation of a fruitless quest.

It scarce need be said that with special students the case is very different. In studying such an author as Shakespeare, these naturally expect to light upon many things for the full discussion or elucidation of which they will have to go beyond the page before them; though I believe even these like to have the matter within convenient reach and

easy reference. At all events, they are, or well may be, much less apt to get so intent on the author's thought, and so drawn onwards by the interest of the work, but that they can readily pause, and turn elsewhere, to study out such points as may call, or seem to call, for particular investigation. In fact, general readers, for the most part, pay little or no attention to the language of what they are reading, and seldom if ever interrogate, or even think of, the words, save when the interest of the matter is choked or checked by some strangeness or obscurity of expression; whereas special students commonly are or should be carrying on a silent process of verbal interrogation, even when the matter is their chief concern: and as these are more sharp-sighted and more on the look-out for verbal difficulties than the former, so they are less impatient of the pauses required for out-of-the-way explanation.

This edition has been undertaken, and the plan of it shaped, with a special view to meeting what is believed to be a general want, and what has indeed been repeatedly urged as such within the last few years. It has been said, and, I think, justly said, that a need is widely felt of an edition of Shakespeare, with such and so much of explanatory comment as may suffice for the state of those unlearned but sane-thoughted and earnest readers who have, or wish to have, their tastes raised and set to a higher and heartier kind of mental feeding than the literary smoke and chaff of the time. I have known many bright and upward-looking minds, — minds honestly craving to drink from the higher and purer springs of intellectual power and beauty, — who were frank to own that it was a sin and a shame not to love Shakespeare, but who could hardly, if at all, make that love come free and natural to them.

To be plying such minds with arguments of duty, or with thoughts of the good to be gained by standing through un-

pleasant task-work, seems to me a rather ungracious and impotent business. For it has long been a settled axiom that the proper office of poetry is to please; of the highest poetry, to make wisdom and virtue pleasant, to crown the True and the Good with delight and joy. This is the very constituent of the poet's art; that without which it has no adequate reason for being. To clothe the austere forms of truth and wisdom with heart-taking beauty and sweetness, is its life and law. Poetry, then, ought of course to be read as poetry; and when not read with pleasure, the right grace and profit of the reading are missed. For the proper instructiveness of poetry is essentially dependant on its pleasantness; whereas in other forms of writing this order is or may be reversed. The sense or the conscience of what is morally good and right should indeed have a hand, and a prerogative hand, in shaping our pleasures; and so indeed it must be, else the pleasures will needs be transient, and even the seed-time of future pains. So right-minded people ought to desire, and do desire, to find pleasure in what is right and good; the highest pleasure in what is rightest and best: nevertheless the pleasure of the thing is what puts its healing, purifying, regenerating virtue into act; and to converse with what is in itself beautiful and good without tasting any pleasantness in it, is or may be a positive harm.

How, then, in reference to Shakespeare, is the case of common readers to be met? As before remarked, to urge reasons of duty is quite from the purpose: reading Shakespeare as duty and without pleasure is of no use, save as it may lift and draw them into a sense of his pleasantness. The question is, therefore, how to make him pleasant and attractive to them; how to put him before them, so that his spirit may have a fair chance to breathe into them, and quicken their congenial susceptibilities; for, surely, his soul and theirs are essentially attuned to the same music. Doubtless

a full sense of his pleasantness is not to be extemporized: with most of us, nay, with the best of us, this is and must be a matter of growth: none but Shakespeare himself can educate us into a love of Shakespeare; and such education, indeed all *education*, is a work of time. But I must insist upon it, that his works can and should be so edited, that average readers may find enough of pleasantness in them from the first to hold them to the perusal: and when they have been so held long enough for the workmanship to steal its virtue and sweetness into them, then they will be naturally and freely carried onwards to the condition where "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security."

These remarks, I believe, indicate, as well as I know how to do, my idea — I can hardly say, I dare not say, my ideal — of what a popular edition of Shakespeare ought to be. The editorial part should, as far as possible, be so cast and tempered and ordered as to make the Poet's pages pleasant and attractive to common minds. Generally to such minds, and often even to uncommon minds, Shakespeare's world may well seem at first a strange world, — strange not only for the spiritualized realism of it, but because it is so much more deeply and truly natural than the book-world to which they have been accustomed. The strangeness of the place, together with the difficulty they find in clearly seeing the real forms and relations of the objects before them, is apt to render the place unattractive, if not positively repulsive, to them. The place is so emphatically the native home of both the soul and the senses, that they feel lost in it; and this because they have so long travelled in literary regions where the soul and the senses have been trained into an estrangement from their proper home. It is like coming back to realities after having strayed among shadows till the shadows have come to seem realities.

Not seldom the very naturalness of Shakespeare's world

frightens unaccustomed readers: they find, or feel, so to speak, a kind of estranged familiarity about it, as of a place they have once known, but have lost the memory of; so that it seems to them a land peopled with the ghosts of what had long ago been to them real living things. Thus the effect, for some time, is rather to scare and chill their interest than to kindle and heighten it. And the Poet is continually popping his thoughts upon them so pointedly, so vividly, so directly, so unceremoniously, that their sensibilities are startled, and would fain shrink back within the shell of custom; so different is it from the pulpy, pointless, euphemistic roundaboutness and volubility which they have been used to hearing from the Pulpit, the Press, the vulgar oratory, and the popular authorship of the day. Therewithal, the Poet often springs upon them such abrupt and searching revelations of their inner selves, so stings them with his truth, so wounds them with his healing, and causes such an undreamed-of birth of thoughts and feelings within them, that they stare about them with a certain dread and shudder, and "tremble like a guilty thing surprised," as in the presence of a magician that has stolen their inmost secrets from them, and is showing them up to the world.

But this is not all. Besides the unfamiliarity of Shakespeare's matter, so many and so great lingual changes have taken place since his time, and, still more, his manner both of thought and expression is so intensely idiomatic, his diction so suggestive and overcharged with meaning, his imagery so strong and bold, his sense so subtile and delicate, his modulation so various and of such solid and piercing sweetness, that common readers naturally have no little difficulty in coming to an easy and familiar converse with him. On some of these points, an editor can give little or no positive help: he can at the best but remove or lessen hindrances, and perhaps throw in now and then a kindling word or breath. But,

on others of them, it lies within an editor's province to render all the positive aid that common readers need for making them intelligently and even delightedly at home with the Poet.

Of course this is to be mostly done by furnishing such and so much of comment and citation as may be required for setting the Poet's meaning out clear and free, and by translating strange or unfamiliar words, phrases, and modes of speech into the plain, current language of the day. And here it is of the first importance that an editor have the mind, or the art, not only to see things plainly, but to say a plain thing in a plain way; or, in the happy phrase of old Roger Ascham, to "think as wise men do, and speak as common people do." And the secret of right editing is, to help average readers over the author's difficulties with as little sense as possible of being helped; to lead them up his heights and through his depths with as little sense as possible of being led. To do this, the editor must have such a kind and measure of learning in the field of his labour as can come only by many years of careful study and thought; and he must keep the details and processes of his learning out of sight, putting forth only the last and highest results, the blossom and fragrance, of his learnedness: and the editor who does not know too much in his subject to be showing his knowledge is green and crude, and so far unfitted for his task. Generally speaking, it is doubtless better to withhold a needed explanation than to offer a needless one; because the latter looks as if the editor were intent on thrusting himself between the author and the reader.

Probably we all understand that the best style in writing is where average minds, on reading it, are prompted to say, "Why, almost anybody could have done that"; and a style that is continually making such readers sensible of their ignorance, or of their inferiority to the writer, is not good. For

the proper light of a truly luminous speaker is one that strikes up a kindred light in the hearer; so that the light seems to come, and indeed really does come, from the hearer's own mind. It is much the same in editing a standard author for common use. And for an editor to be all the while, or often, putting average readers in mind how ignorant and inferior they are, is not the best way, nor the right way, to help them.

But what seems specially needful to be kept in mind is, that when common people read Shakespeare, it is not to learn etymology, or grammar, or philology, or lingual antiquities, or criticism, or the technicalities of scholarism, but to learn Shakespeare himself; to understand the things he puts before them, to take-in his thought, to taste his wisdom, to feel his beauty, to be kindled by his fire, to be refreshed with his humour, to glow with his rapture, and to be stolen from themselves and transported into his moral and intellectual whereabout; in a word, to live, breathe, think, and feel with him. I am so simple and old-fashioned as to hold that, in so reading the Poet, they are putting him to the very best and highest use of which he is capable. Even their intellects, I think, will thrive far better so, than by straining themselves to a course of mere intellectualism. All which means, to be sure, that far more real good will come, even to the mind, by foolishly enjoying Shakespeare than by learnedly parsing him. So that here I am minded to apply the saying of Wordsworth, that "he is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all."

Now I cannot choose but think that, if this were always duly borne in mind, we should see much more economy of erudition than we do. It is the instinct of a crude or conceited learning to be ever emphasizing itself, and poking its fingers into the readers' eyes: but a ripe and well-assimilated learning does not act thus: it is a fine spirit working in the mind's blood, and not a sort of foam or scum mantling its

surface, or an outgrowth bristling into notice. So that here, as in all true strength, modesty rules the transpiration. Accordingly an editor's proper art is to proceed, not by a formal and conscious use of learning, but by the silent efficacy thereof transfusing itself insensibly into and through his work, so as to accomplish its purpose without being directly seen.

Nor is Shakespeare's language so antiquated, or his idiom of thought so remote from ordinary apprehension, as to require a minute, or cumbrous, or oppressive erudition for making his thoughts intelligible to average minds. His diction, after all, is much nearer the common vernacular of the day than that of his editors: for where would these be if they did not write in a *learned* style? To be sure, here, as elsewhere, an editor's art, or want of art, can easily find or make ever so many difficulties, in order to magnify itself and its office, by meeting them, or by seeming to meet them. And in fact it has now become, or is fast becoming, very much the fashion to treat Shakespeare in this way; an elaborate and self-conscious erudition using him as a sort of perch to flap its wings and crow from. So we have had and are having editions of his plays designed for common use, wherein the sunlight of his poetry is so muffled and strangled by a thick haze of minute, technical, and dictionary learning, that common eyes can hardly catch any fresh and clear beams of it. Small points and issues almost numberless, and many of them running clean off into distant tenth-cousin matters, are raised, as if poetry so vital and organic as his, and with its mouth so full of soul-music, were but a subject for lingual and grammatical dissection; or a thing to be studied through a microscope, and so to be "examined, ponder'd, search'd, probed, vex'd, and criticised." Is not all this very much as if the main business of readers, with Shakespeare's page before them, were to "pore, and dwindle as they pore"?

Here the ruling thought seems to be, that the chief profit

of studying Shakespeare is to come by analyzing and parsing his sentences, not by understanding and enjoying his poetry. But, assuredly, this is not the way to aid and encourage people in the study of Shakespeare. They are not to be inspired with a right love or taste for him by having his lines encumbered with such commentatorial redundances and irrelevancies. Rather say, such a course naturally renders the Poet an unmitigable bore to them, and can hardly fail to disgust and repel them; unless, perchance, it may superinduce upon them a certain dry-rot of formalistic learning. For, in a vast many cases, the explanations are far more obscure to the average reader than the things explained; and he may well despair of understanding the Poet, when he so often finds it impossible to understand his explainers. Or the effect of such a course, if it have any but a negative effect, can hardly be other than to tease and card the common sense out of people, and train them into learned and prating dunces, instead of making them intelligent, thoughtful, happy men and women in the ordinary tasks, duties, and concerns of life.

Thus Shakespeare is now in a fair way to undergo the same fate which a much greater and better book has already undergone. For even so a great many learned minds, instead of duly marking how little need be said, and how simply that little should be said, have tried, apparently, how much and how learnedly they could write upon the Bible; how many nice questions they could raise, and what elaborate comments they could weave about its contents. Take, for example, the Sermon on the Mount: left to its natural and proper working, that brief piece of writing has in it more of true culture-force or culture-inspiration than all the mere scientific books in the world put together: and learned commentaries stand, or claim to stand, in the rank of scientific works. Yet even here, as experience has amply proved, a

sort of learned incontinence can easily so intricate and perplex the matter, and spin the sense out into such a curious and voluminous interpretation, as fairly to swamp plain minds, and put them quite at a loss as to what the Divine utterances mean. The thing is clear enough, until a garrulous and obtrusive learning takes it in hand; and then darkness begins to gather round it.

And so the Bible generally, as we all know, has been so worried and belaboured with erudite, or ignorant, but at all events diffusive, long-winded, and obstructive commentary; its teachings and efficacies have got so strangled by the interminable yarns of interpretation spun about them; that now at length common people have pretty much lost both their faith in it and their taste for it: reverence for it has come to be regarded as little better than an exploded superstition: and indeed its light can hardly struggle or filtrate through the dense vapours of learned and elaborate verbosity exhaled from subjacent regions. The tendency now is to replace the Bible with Shakespeare as our master-code of practical wisdom and guidance. I am far, very far indeed, from regarding this as a sign of progress, either moral or intellectual: viewed merely in reference to literary taste, the Bible is incomparably beyond any other book in the world: but, if such a substitution must be made, Shakespeare is probably the best. The Poet himself tells us, "they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton." And so, to be sure, the process has set in, and is already well advanced, of smothering his proper light beneath commentatorial surplusage and rubbish.

So strong is the conceit of studying all things scientifically, that we must, forsooth, have Shakespeare used as the raw material of scientific manufacture. It seems to be presumed that people cannot rightly feed upon his poetry, unless it be first digested for them into systematic shape by passing

through some gerund-grinding laboratory. But the plain truth is, that works of imagination cannot be mechanized and done over into the forms of science, without a total dissipation of their life and spirit, of all indeed that is properly constitutive in them. It is simply like dissecting a bird in order to find out where the music comes from and how it is made.

I have, perhaps, dwelt upon this topic too long, and may fitly close it with a few pertinent words from Bacon, which always come into my remembrance when thinking on the subject. "The first distemper of learning," says he, "is when men study words and not matter. And how is it possible but this should have an operation to discredit learning, even with vulgar capacities, when they see learned men's works like the first letter of a patent, or a limnèd book; which, though it hath large flourishes, yet is but a letter? It seems to me that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity: for words are but the images of matter; and, except they have the life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one as to fall in love with a picture." In another passage, he puts the matter as follows: "Surely, like as many substances in Nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms; so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtile, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality."

To preclude misapprehension, as far as may be, I must add that the foregoing remarks have an eye only to editions of the Poet designed for common use; and so cannot be justly construed as reflecting on such as look mainly to the special use of students and scholars. Doubtless there may be, nay, there must be, from time to time, say as often as

once in forty or fifty years, highly learned editions of Shakespeare; such, for instance, as Mr. Howard Furness's magnificent Variorum, which, so far as it has come, is a truly monumental achievement of learning, judgment, good sense, and conscientious, painstaking industry. Of course such a work must needs enter very largely into the details and processes of the subject, pursuing a great many points out through all the subtilties and intricacies of critical inquiry. But, for the generality of readers, such a handling of the theme is obviously quite out of the question: in this hard working-day world, they have too much else in hand to be tracing out and sifting the nice questions which it is the business of a profound and varied scholarship to investigate and settle; and the last and highest results of such scholarship is all that they can possibly have time or taste for. If any one says that common readers, such as at least ninety-nine persons in a hundred are and must be, should have the details and processes of the work put before them, that so they may be enabled to form independent judgments for themselves; — I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others. It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those are who have made a lifelong study of them: but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all; and none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise.

But the main business of this Preface is yet to come, and what remains must be chiefly occupied with certain questions touching the Poet's text. And here I must first make a brief general statement of the condition in which his text has

come down to us, leaving the particular details in this kind to be noted in connection with the several plays themselves.

Of the thirty-eight plays included in this edition, sixteen, or, if we count-in the originals of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, eighteen, were published, severally and successively, in what are known as the quarto editions, during the Poet's life. Some of them were printed in that form several times, but often with considerable variations of text. One more, *Othello*, was issued in that form in 1622, six years after the Poet's death. Copies of these editions are still extant, though in some cases exceedingly rare. Most of these issues were undoubtedly "stolen and surreptitious"; and it is nowise likely that in any of them a single page of the proofs was ever corrected by Shakespeare himself. In the popular literature of his time, proof-reading generally was done, if done at all, with such a degree of slovenliness as no one would think of tolerating now. And that proof-sheets can be rightly and properly corrected by none but the author himself, or by one very closely and minutely familiar with his mind, his mouth, and his hand, is a lesson which an experience of more than thirty years in the matter has taught me beyond all peradventure. And, in fact, the printing in most of these quarto issues is so shockingly bad, that no one can gain an adequate idea of how bad it is, except by minutely studying the text as there given, and comparing it in detail with the text as given in modern editions.

All the forecited plays, with one exception, *Pericles*, were set forth anew in the celebrated folio of 1623, seven years after the Poet's death. Most of them are indeed printed much better there than in the earlier issues, though some of them are well known to have been printed from quarto copies. Therewithal the folio set forth, for the first time, so far as is known, all the other plays included in this edition,

except *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The volume was published, professedly at least, under the editorial care of the Poet's friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell.

The printing of the folio is exceedingly unequal: in some of the plays, as, for instance, *Julius Cæsar*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*, it is remarkably good for the time, insomuch that the text, generally, is got into an orderly and intelligible state without much trouble; while others, as *All's Well*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon of Athens*, abound in the grossest textual corruptions, so that the labour of rectification seems to be literally endless. Even where the printing is best, there are still so many palpable, and also so many more or less probable, misprints, that the text, do the best we can with it, must often stand under considerable uncertainty. It is not unlikely that in some parts of the volume the Editors themselves may have attended somewhat to the correcting of the proofs, while in others they left it entirely to the printers. Of course all the plays then first published must have been printed either from the author's own manuscripts, or else from play-house transcripts of them. Doubtless these were made by different hands, sometimes with reasonable care, sometimes otherwise, and so with widely-varying degrees of accuracy and legibility.

In their "Address to the Readers," the Editors, after referring to the earlier quarto issues, go on as follows: "Even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he [the author] conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Heminge and Condell appear to have been honest and amiable men; but they naturally felt a strong interest in having the volume sell well, and so were moved to recom-

mend it as highly as they could to purchasers. Probably there was something of truth in what they said, perhaps enough to excuse, if not to justify them in saying it: nevertheless it is perfectly certain that their words were not true to the full extent; and most likely what was true only of a portion of the volume they deemed it right to put forth in a general way as if applicable to the whole, without staying to express any limitations or exceptions. The folio was reprinted in 1632, again in 1664, and yet again in 1685. The folio of 1632 was set forth with a good many textual changes, made by an unknown hand; sometimes corrections, and sometimes corruptions, but none of them carrying any authority. Changes of text, though less both in number and importance, were also made in the third and fourth folios.

Before passing on from this topic, I must add that, after 1623, single plays continued to be reprinted, from time to time, in quarto form. But as these are seldom of any use towards ascertaining or helping the text, it seems not worth the while to specify them in detail. Probably the most valuable of them is that of *Othello*, issued in 1630. Others of them are occasionally referred to in the Critical Notes.

As I have frequent occasion to cite a famous volume, which I designate as "Collier's second folio," it appears needful to give some account thereof in this place.— In 1849, Mr. J. P. Collier, a very learned and eminent Shakespearian, lighted upon and purchased a copy of the second folio containing a very large number of verbal, literal, and punctuative alterations in manuscript; all of course intended as corrections of the text. At what time or times, and by what hand or hands, these changes were made, has not been settled, nor is likely to be. For some time there was a good deal of pretty warm controversy about them. All, I believe, are now pretty much agreed, and certainly

such is my own judgment, that none of them have any claim to be regarded as authentic: most of them are corruptions decidedly; but a considerable number may be justly spoken of as corrections; and some of them are exceedingly happy and valuable. To be sure, of those that may be called apt and good, the larger portion had been anticipated by modern editors, and so had passed into the current text. Still there are enough of original or unanticipated corrections to render the volume an important contribution towards textual rectification. Nevertheless they all stand on the common footing of conjectural emendation, and so carry no authority in their hand but that of inherent fitness and propriety.

Herewith I must also mention another copy of the same folio, which is sometimes referred to in my Critical Notes. This was owned by the late Mr. S. W. Singer, also one of the most learned and eminent Shakespearians of his time. All that need be said of it here may as well be given in Singer's own words: "In June, 1852, I purchased from Mr. Willis, the bookseller, a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, in its original binding, which, like that of Mr. Collier, contains very numerous manuscript corrections by several hands; the typographical errors, with which that edition abounds, are sedulously corrected, and the writers have also tried their hands at conjectural emendation extensively. Many of these emendations correspond with those in Mr. Collier's volume, but chiefly in those cases where the error in the old copy was pretty evident; but the readings often vary, and sometimes for the better."

Thus much may suffice for indicating generally the condition in which Shakespeare's plays have come down to us. Of course the early quartos and the first folio are, in the proper sense, our only authorities for the Poet's text. But his text has not been, and most assuredly never will be allowed to remain in the condition there given. The labours

and the judgment of learned, sagacious, painstaking, diligent workmen in the field have had, ought to have, must have, a good deal of weight in deciding how the matter should go. And now the question confronts us whether, after all, there is any likelihood of Shakespeare's text being ever got into a satisfactory state. Perhaps, nay, I may as well say probably, not. Probably the best to be looked for here is a greater or less degree of approximation to such a state. At all events, if it come at all, it is to come as the slow cumulative result of a great many minds working jointly, or severally, and successively, and each contributing its measure, be it more, be it less, towards the common cause. A mite done here, and a mite done there, will at length, when time shall cast up the sum, accomplish we know not what.

The Bible apart, Shakespeare's dramas are, by general consent, the greatest classic and literary treasure of the world. His text, with all the admitted imperfections on its head, is nevertheless a venerable and sacred thing, and must nowise be touched but under a strong restraining sense of pious awe. Woe to the man that exercises his critical surgery here without a profound reverence for the subject! All glib ingenuity, all shifty cleverness, should be sternly warned off from meddling with the matter. Nothing is easier than making or proposing ingenious and plausible corrections. But changes merely ingenious are altogether worse than none; and whoever goes about the work with his mind at all in trim for it will much rather have any corrections he may make or propose flatly condemned as bad, than have that *sweetish* epithet politely smiled, or *sneered*, upon them. On the other hand, to make corrections that are really judicious, corrections that have due respect to all sides of the case, and fit all round, and that keep strictly within the limits of such freedom as must be permitted in the presenting of so great a classic so deeply hurt with textual corruptions; — this is, indeed, just

the nicest and most delicate art in the whole work of modern editorship. And as a due application of this art requires a most circumspective and discriminating judgment, together with a life-long acquaintance with the Poet's mental and rhythmic and lingual idiom; so, again, there needs no small measure of the same preparation, in order to a judicious estimate of any ripely-considered textual change.

The work of ascertaining and amending Shakespeare's text systematically began with Rowe in 1709, his first edition having came out that year, his second in 1714. The work was continued by Pope, who also put forth two editions, in 1723 and 1728. Pope was followed by Theobald, whose two editions appeared in 1733 and 1740. Then came Hanmer's edition in 1743, and Warburton's in 1749. All through the latter half of the eighteenth century the process was sedulously continued by Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Rann, and sundry others. Heath, though not an editor, was hardly inferior to any of them in understanding and judgment; and his comments remain to this day among the best we have. Most of these men were very strong and broad in learning and sagacity, and in the other furnishings needful for their task; none of them were wanting in respect for the Poet; and all of them did good service.

It must be admitted, however, that many, if not most, of these workmen handled the text with excessive freedom; and perhaps it may be justly said that, taken all together, they corrupted quite as much as they corrected it. They seem to have gone somewhat upon the principle of giving what, in their judgment, the Poet ought to have written; whereas the thing we want is not what anybody may think he ought to have written, but what, as nearly as can be judged, he actually did write. Accordingly much labour has since had to be spent in undoing what was thus overdone.

During the present century the process of correction has

been kept up, but much more temperately, and by minds well fitted and furnished for the task, though probably, as a whole, not equal to the earlier series of workmen. Among these are Singer, Collier, Dyce, Staunton, Halliwell, and White, faithful and highly competent labourers, whose names will doubtless hold prominent and permanent places in Shakespearian lore.

The excessive freedom in textual change used by the earlier series of editors has naturally had the effect of provoking a reaction. For the last forty years or thereabouts, this reaction has been in progress, and is now, I think, at its height, having reached an extreme fully as great, and not a whit more commendable than the former extreme. Of course this can hardly fail in due time to draw on another reaction; and already signs are not wanting that such a result is surely forthcoming. To the former license of correction there has succeeded a license, not less vicious, of interpretation. Explanations the most strained, far-fetched, and over-subtile are now very much the order of the day, — things sure to disgust the common sense of sober, candid, circumspective, cool-judging minds. It is said that the old text must not be changed save in cases of "absolute necessity"; and this dictum is so construed, in theory at least, as to prompt and cover all the excesses of the most fanciful, fine-drawn, and futile ingenuity. The thing has grown to the ridiculous upshot of glozing and conjuring stark printer's errors into poetic beauties, and the awkwardest hitchings and haltings of metre into "elegant retardations." To minds so captivated with their own ingenuity, an item of the old text that is utter nonsense is specially attractive; because, to be sure, they can the more easily spell their own sense, or want of sense, into it. And so we see them doggedly tenacious of such readings as none but themselves can explain, and fondly concocting such explanations thereof as none but

themselves can understand; tormenting the meaning they want out of words that are no more akin to it than the multiplication-table is to a trilobite. Surely, then, the thing now most in order is a course of temperance and moderation, a calmness and equipoise of judgment, steering clear of both extremes, and sounding in harmony with plain old common sense, one ounce of which is worth more than a ton of exegetical ingenuity. For Shakespeare, be it observed, is just our great imperial sovereign of common sense; and sooner or later the study of him will needs kill off all the editors that run in discord with this supreme quality of his workmanship.

The present generation of Shakespearians are rather conspicuously, not to say ostentatiously, innocent of respect for their predecessors. They even seem to measure the worth of their own doings by their self-complacent ignoring or upbraiding of what has been done before. Might it not be well for them to bethink themselves now and then what sort of a lesson their contempt of the past is likely to teach the future? Possibly plain sensible people, who prefer small perspicuities to big obscurities, soft-voiced solidities to high-sounding nihilities, may take it into their heads that wisdom was not born with the present generation, and will not die with it. After all, Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, and others, though by no means infallible, yet were not fools: they knew several things; and their minds were at least tolerably clear of conceit and cant: I suspect they understood their business quite as well, and laboured in it quite as uprightly and fruitfully, as those who now insist on proceeding as if nothing had ever been done; as if it had been reserved exclusively for them to understand and appreciate the Poet. In this, as in some other matters, to "stand as if a man were author of himself, and knew no other kin," is not exactly the thing. The best that any of

us can do is to add somewhat, perhaps a very, very little, to the building that others have worked upon and helped to rear; and if we are to begin by a clean sweeping away of what others have done, that so our puny architecture may have a better chance of being seen, is it not possible that the sum of our own doings, as time shall foot it up, will prove a minus quantity?

Certainly changes in the old text of Shakespeare ought not to be made without strong and clear reasons: and after they have been so made, stronger and clearer reasons may arise, or may be shown, for unmaking them. Very well; be it so. But such reasons are not to be nonsuited by unreasonable explanations, by superfine glozings, and rhetorical smokings. The *cacoethes emendandi* and the *cacoethes explanandi* are alike out of place, and to be avoided. I have already quoted the phrase "absolute necessity," now so often used by the ultraists of textual conservatism. This phrase seems to bind the thing up very tightly: yet, even with those who urge it most strongly, it is found to have, in effect, no firm practical meaning; at least not a whit more than the phrase "strong and clear reasons." To illustrate what I mean:

Mr. Furness, in his *King Lear*, iii. 6, prints "This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken *sinews*"; thus rejecting Theobald's reading, "broken *senses*," for the old text: and he does this on the ground that "the change is not absolutely necessary." Yet, in ii. 4, he prints "To be a comrade of the wolf, and *howl* necessity's sharp pinch!" thus substituting *howl*, from Collier's second folio, for *owl*, the old reading. And I think he shows strong and clear reasons for the change. But, strictly speaking, I can see no absolute necessity for it: some tolerable sense can be made, has been made, out of the old text. Nay, more; the change, in this case, as it seems to me, does not come so near being abso-

lutely necessary as in the case of Theobald's *senses*. I must needs think that *owl* yields, of the two, a better and more fitting sense in the one place than *sinews* does in the other. Nevertheless, in the instance of *howl*, Mr. Furness seems to me to make out a clear case; to justify the change triumphantly; this too without any approach to overstrained refinement; insomuch that I should henceforth never think of printing the passage otherwise than as he prints it. So, be it that absolute necessity is the true rule, have we not here a pretty good instance of that rule being "more honour'd in the breach than the observance"?

And I think the same argument will hold even more strongly touching another reading which he adopts from the same source. It is in i. 1, where he prints "It is no vicious blot, *nor other* foulness," instead of the old reading, "no vicious blot, *murther*, *or* foulness." Here the need of the change, to my thinking, is not so exigent nor so evident as in either of the former cases, especially the first: a good deal, I think, can here be said in defence of the old reading: at all events, I can nowise understand how the absolute necessity that rules out *senses* can consistently rule-in *howl* and *nor other*. But Mr. Furness, with all his austere and, as I must think, rather overstrained conservatism, so commands my respect, that I accept his judgment in both the latter cases, though dissenting from him altogether in the first; herein following, as I take it, the absolute necessity which he practises, and not the one which he preaches. And indeed so many men preach better than they practise, that it is decidedly refreshing to meet, now and then, with one who reverses this order, and makes his practice come out ahead.

Of course this point might easily be illustrated at almost any length. For the old text has hundreds of cases substantially parallel with those I have cited; cases where, in my judg-

ment, there are strong and clear reasons for textual changes made or proposed by former Shakespearians, but where the new school, with their canon of "absolute necessity," hold on to stark corruptions, and then make up for their textual strictness with the largest exegetical license. Yet I have never caught any of these bigots (so I must term them) of the old letter finding fault when we, of a somewhat more liberal bent, have adopted any corrections which they have themselves proposed. Here, as, to be sure, is very natural, their "absolute necessity" smiles itself into an aspect practicable enough.

For, in truth, several of them seem equally intent on finding reasons for condemning corrections that others have made, and for proposing or approving new corrections; and their wrong-headed, perhaps I should say pig-headed, ingenuity in both parts of the business is sometimes ludicrous, sometimes otherwise. So, for instance, one of them has lately approved, and another adopted, a new reading in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "Urchins shall *forth at* vast of night, that they may work all exercise on thee"; where both the old and the common reading is, "Urchins shall, *for that* vast of night that they may work, all exercise on thee." Here, of course, *for* gives the sense of duration, or prolonged action; which is just what the occasion requires. For it is well known that urchins were wont to go forth, and work, or play, during the vast of night, anyhow; this was their special right or privilege; and Prospero means that, during that time, he will have them exercise their talents on Caliban. In my poor opinion, therefore, both the approver and the adopter of the forecited change have thereby, so far as one instance can tell against them, earned an exclusion, or a dismissal, from the seat of judgment in questions of that sort. However, when any of these gentlemen offer us, as they sometimes do, corrections that can show strong and clear reasons, I, for

one, shall be happy to prefer their practice also to their preaching; and if they see fit to frown their preaching upon me, I have but to laugh back their own practice upon them: so, if they can stand it, I can.

But there is one thing which I feel bound to set my face against, however insignificant that setting may be. It is this. Of course there are a great many plain cases of textual corruption, where, notwithstanding, a full and perfect certainty as to the right correction is not to be attained. These often try an editor's labour and judgment and patience to the uttermost. But it is an editor's business, in such cases, to sift and weigh the whole matter with all possible care, to make up his mind, and do the best he can. This is a tedious and painful, as also, in most cases, a thankless process. So a custom has lately been started, for editors, when on this score any "doubts or scruples tease the brain," to shirk the whole matter, to shift off the burden upon others, and to dodge all responsibility and all hazard of a wrong decision, by sticking an obelus in to note the corruption; thus calling the reader's attention to his need of help, and yet leaving him utterly unhelped. This is indeed "most tolerable and not to be endured." It is, in effect, equivalent to telling us that they know more than all the previous editors, yet do not know enough for the cause they have undertaken, and so have no way but to adjourn the court.

There is one other topic upon which I must say a few words. — It is somewhat in question how far the spelling and the verbal forms of the old copies ought to be retained. Mr. White, following the folio, prints *murther* for *murder*, *fadom* for *fathom*, and in some cases, if I rightly remember, *moder* for *mother*. Now there seems to me just as much reason for keeping the two latter archaisms as for keeping the first; that is to say, none at all. Herein, however, Mr. White is at least consistent; which is more than can be said of some

other recent editing; though I admit that in this instance consistency is not a jewel. And Mr. Furness, in the Preface to his *King Lear*, announces that hereafter he shall adhere to the old form, or old spelling, of *then* for *than*, as also of the antique concessive *and* for *an*. In an edition like his designed chiefly for students and scholars, there may be some reason for this which does not hold in the case of editions looking to general use; yet even that appears to me somewhat more than doubtful. Mr. Furness urges that Spenser always uses *then* for *than*, and that none of his modern editors think of substituting the latter. But Spenser manifestly took pains to give his language a special air or smack of antiquity, and so made it more archaic than the general usage of his time. Moreover, Spenser is now very little read, if at all, save by scholars and students; and, if I were to edit any portion of him for common use, I should make no scruple of printing *than*, except in cases where *then* might need to be kept for the rhyme.

Again: All students of Shakespeare know that the folio has many instances of *God buy you*, the old colloquial abridgment of *God be with you*, which has been still further shortened into our *Good bye*. Probably, in the Poet's time, the phrase was sounded *God bwy you*. Here I see no other, or no better, way to keep both sense and sound, and rhythm also, than by printing *God b' wi' you;* and so in this edition I always print, or mean to print. Would Mr. Furness, in this instance also, retain the old form or spelling *buy?* The phrase, I believe, does not occur in *King Lear*, so that he had no occasion there for making any sign of his thought on the subject. The phrase occurs twice in *Hamlet*, first in ii. 1, and again in ii. 2; and there he prints "God be wi' you" and "God be wi' ye"; but on some points his views have changed since his superb edition of that play was issued. Whatever his purpose may be, I cannot but think there is

quite as good reason for adhering strictly to the old letter in this instance as in that of *then* or of *and.* And the case is substantially the same in reference to a great many other words: in fact, I do not see how this principle of retention can consistently stop, till it shall have restored the old spelling altogether.

My own practice in this matter is, wherever any thing either of sense, or of rhythm, or of metre, or of rhyme, is involved, to retain the old forms or old spelling. For instance, the folio has *eyne* for *eyes*, and rhyming with *mine;* also *denay* for *denial*, and rhyming with *say:* it also has *throughly* for *thoroughly*, and *thorough* for *through.* Of course I should never think, probably no editor would think, of disturbing these archaisms, or such as these. Even when, as is often the case, there is no reason of metre or of rhyme for keeping them, they are essential items in the Poet's rhythm; for good prose has a rhythm of its own as well as verse. Now Shakespeare, especially in his verse, was evidently very particular and exact in the care of his rhythm and metre, and therefore of his syllables. The folio has almost numberless minute proofs and indications of this; and here, of course, the smaller the note, the more significance it bears as regards the Poet's habit and purpose. Perhaps there is no one point wherein this is oftener shown than in his very frequent elision of the article *the*, so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable. So, especially in his later plays, there is almost no end to such elisions as *by th'*, *do th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *on th'*, *to th'*, &c.; and the folio has many instances of the double elision *wi' th'* for *with the.* Now I hold, and have long held it important that, as far as practicable, these little things be carefully preserved, not only because they are essential parts of the Poet's verbal modulation, but also as significant notes or registers of his scrupulous and delicate attention to this element of his workman-

ship. Yet the whole thing is totally ignored in all the recent editions that I am conversant with; all, with the one exception of Mr. Furness's latest volume, his *King Lear*, where it is carefully attended to. And right glad am I that it is; for, as I must think, it ought never to have been neglected.

But, in certain other points,—points where nothing of rhyme or metre or rhythm or sense is concerned,—I have pursued, and shall pursue, a somewhat different course.—It is well known to Shakespearians that the old text has some twelve or fifteen, perhaps more, instances of *it* used possessively, or where we should use *its*, the latter not being a current form in the Poet's time, though then just creeping into use. And so the English Bible, as originally printed in 1611, has not a single instance of *its*: it has, however, one or two, perhaps more, instances of *it* used in the same way. In these cases, all modern editions, so far as I know, print *its*, and are, I hold, unquestionably right in doing so. It is true, Shakespeare's old text has repeated instances of *its*, and these are more frequent in the later plays than in the earlier. And in most of these cases the folio prints it with an apostrophe, *it's*; though in two or three places, if not more, we there have it printed without the apostrophe.

In all these cases, whether of *it* or *it's* or *its*, I make no scruple whatever of printing simply *its*; though I sometimes call attention to the old usage in my Critical Notes. For, in truth, I can perceive no sort of sense or reason in retaining the possessive *it* in Shakespeare's text, or, at all events, in any presentation of it designed for common use. Yet we have some recent editing apparently taking no little credit to itself for keeping up and propagating this unmeaning and worthless bit of archaic usage; whereas the Poet himself was evidently impatient of it, as he shook himself more and more free from it, the riper he grew. Of course the same recent editing insists punctually on keeping the apostro-

phized form, *it's*, wherever the folio prints it so. Surely there is no more reason for retaining the apostrophe here, than there is for omitting it in the numberless cases where the folio omits it; as in "like my brothers fault," and "against my brothers life." For all who have so much as looked into that volume must know that genitives and plurals are there commonly printed just alike. But, indeed, the retention of these archaisms seems to me no better than sheer idolatry or dotage of the old letter; all the arguments but those of pedantry or affectation drawing clean away from it. That an editor who stands rigidly on these points should nevertheless quite overlook other things of real weight, like those I pointed out a little before, may seem strange to some: but I suspect it is all in course; for they who ride hobbies are apt to lose sight of every thing but the particular hobby they happen to be riding.

And now a word as to the ordering of the plays in this edition. The folio has them arranged in three distinct series, severally entitled Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The plays of the first and third series are there arranged seemingly at haphazard, and without any regard to the order of time in which they were written; those of the second or historic series, simply according to the chronological order of the persons and events represented in them; the three that were no doubt written first being thus placed after several that were of later composition. In this edition, the three series of the folio are kept distinct; but the several plays of each series are meant to be arranged, as nearly as may be, according to the chronological order of the writing. This is done merely because such appears to be the most natural and fitting principle of arrangement, and not that the Poet may be read or studied "historically"; a matter which is made a good deal of by some, but which, as it

seems to me, is really of no practical consequence whatever. Nor is it claimed that the actual order of the writing is precisely followed in every particular: in fact, this order has not yet been fully settled, and probably never will be; though, to be sure, something considerable has been done towards such settlement within the last few years.

I must not let this Preface go without expressing a very deep and lively sense of my obligations to Mr. JOSEPH CROSBY. The work of preparing this edition was set about in good earnest on the 23d of April, 1873, and has been the main burden of my thought and care ever since. From that time to the present, a frequent and steady correspondence, of the greatest use and interest to me, has been passing between Mr. Crosby and myself. The results thereof are in some measure made apparent in my Critical Notes, and still more in the foot-notes; but, after all, a very large, if not the larger, portion of the benefit I have received is not capable of being put in definite form, and having credit given for it in detail. Indeed, I owe him much,—much in the shape of distinctly-usable matter, but more in the way of judicious counsel, kindly encouragement, and friendship steadfast and true.

CAMBRIDGE, August 2, 1880.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE* is, by general suffrage, the greatest name in literature. There can be no extravagance in saying, that to all who speak the English language his genius has made the world better worth living in, and life a nobler and diviner thing. And even among those who do not "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," large numbers are studying the English language mainly for the purpose of being at home with him. How he came to be what he was, and to do what he did, are questions that can never cease to be interesting, wherever his works are known, and men's powers of thought in any fair measure developed. But Providence has left a veil, or rather a cloud, about his history, so that these questions are not likely to be satisfactorily answered.

The first formal attempt at an account of Shakespeare's life

* Much discussion has been had in our time as to the right way of spelling the Poet's name. The few autographs of his that are extant do not enable us to decide positively how he wrote his name; or rather they show that he had no one constant way of writing it. But the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* were unquestionably published by his authority, and in the dedications of both these poems the name is printed "Shakespeare." The same holds in all the quarto issues of his plays, where the author's name is given, with the one exception of *Love's Labours Lost*, which has it "Shakespere"; as it also holds in the folio. And in very many of these cases the name is printed with a hyphen, "Shake-speare," as if on purpose that there might be no mistake about it. All which, surely, is or ought to be decisive as to how the Poet willed his name to be spelt in print. Inconstancy in the spelling of names was very common in his time.

was made by Nicholas Rowe, and the result thereof published in 1709, ninety-three years after the Poet's death. Rowe's account was avowedly made up, for the most part, from traditionary materials collected by Betterton the actor, who made a visit to Stratford expressly for that purpose. Betterton was born in 1635, nineteen years after the death of Shakespeare; became an actor before 1660, retired from the stage about 1700, and died in 1710. At what time he visited Stratford is not known. It is to be regretted that Rowe did not give Betterton's authorities for the particulars gathered by him. It is certain, however, that very good sources of information were accessible in his time: Judith Quiney, the Poet's second daughter, lived till 1662; Lady Barnard, his granddaughter, till 1670; and Sir William Davenant, who in his youth had known Shakespeare, was manager of the theatre in which Betterton acted.

After Rowe's account, scarce any thing was added till the time of Malone, who by a learned and most industrious searching of public and private records brought to light a considerable number of facts, some of them very important, touching the Poet and his family. And in our own day Mr. Collier has followed up the inquiry with very great diligence, and with no inconsiderable success; though, unfortunately, much of the matter supplied by him has been discredited as unauthentic, by those from whom there is in such cases no appeal. Lastly, Mr. Halliwell has given his intelligent and indefatigable labours to the same task, and made some valuable additions to our stock.

The lineage of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, on the paternal side, has not been traced further back than his grandfather. The name, which in its composition smacks of brave old knighthood and chivalry, was frequent in Warwickshire from an early period.

The father of our Poet was JOHN SHAKESPEARE, who is

found living at Stratford-on-Avon in 1552. He was most likely a native of Snitterfield, a village three miles from Stratford; as we find a Richard Shakespeare living there in 1550, and occupying a house and land owned by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of our Poet. This appears from a deed executed July 17, 1550, in which Robert Arden conveyed certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield, described as being "now in the tenure of one Richard Shakespeare," to be held in trust for three daughters "after the death of Robert and Agnes Arden."

An entry in a Court Roll, dated April, 1552, ascertains that John Shakespeare was living in Stratford at that time. And an entry in the Bailiff's Court, dated June, 1556, describes him as "John Shakespeare, of Stratford in the county of Warwick, *glover*." In 1558, the same John Shakespeare, and four others, one of whom was Francis Burbage, then at the head of the corporation, were fined four pence each "for not keeping their gutters clean."

There is ample proof that at this period John Shakespeare's affairs were in a thriving condition. In October, 1556, he became the owner of two copyhold estates, one of them consisting of a house with a garden and a croft attached to it, the other of a house and garden. As these were estates of inheritance, the tenure was nearly equal to freehold; so that he must have been pretty well-to-do in the world at the time. For several years after, his circumstances continued to improve. Before 1558, he became the owner, by marriage, of a farm at Wilmecote, consisting of fifty-six acres, besides two houses and two gardens; moreover, he held, in right of his wife, a considerable share in a property at Snitterfield. Another addition to his property was made in 1575, — a freehold estate, bought for the sum of £40, and described as consisting of "two houses, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances."

Several other particulars have been discovered, which go to ascertain his wealth as compared with that of other Stratford citizens. In 1564, the year of the Poet's birth, a malignant fever, called the plague, invaded Stratford. Its hungriest period was from the last of June to the last of December, during which time it swept off two hundred and thirty-eight persons out of a population of about fourteen hundred. None of the Shakespeare family are found among its victims. Large draughts were made upon the charities of the town on account of this frightful visitation. In August, the citizens held a meeting in the open air, from fear of infection, and various sums were contributed for the relief of the poor. The High-Bailiff gave 3*s.* 4*d.*, the head-alderman 2*s.* 8*d.*; John Shakespeare, being then only a burgess, gave 12*d.*; and in the list of burgesses there were but two who gave more. Other donations were made for the same cause, he bearing a proportionable share in them.

We have seen that in June, 1556, John Shakespeare was termed a glover. In November of the same year he is found bringing an action against one of his neighbours for unjustly detaining a quantity of barley; which naturally infers him to have been more or less engaged in agricultural pursuits. It appears that at a later period agriculture was his main pursuit, if not his only one; for the town records show that in 1564 he was paid three shillings for a piece of timber; and we find him described in 1575 as a "yeoman." Rowe gives a tradition of his having been "a considerable dealer in wool." It is nowise unlikely that such may have been the case. The modern divisions of labour and trade were then little known and less regarded; several kinds of business being often carried on together, which are now kept distinct; and we have special proof that gloves and wool were apt to be united as articles of trade.

I must next trace, briefly, the career of John Shakespeare as a public officer in the Stratford corporation. After holding several minor offices, he was in 1558, and again in 1559, chosen one of the four constables. In 1561 he was a second time made one of the four affeerors, whose duty it was to determine the fines for such offences as had no penalties prescribed by statute. The same year, 1561, he was chosen one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible office, which he held two years. Advancing steadily in the public confidence, he became an alderman in 1565; and in 1568 was elected Bailiff, the highest honour the corporation could bestow. He held this office a year. The series of local honours conferred upon him ended with his being chosen head-alderman in 1571; which office also he held a year. The rule being "once an alderman always an alderman," unless positive action were taken to the contrary, he retained that office till 1586, when, for persevering non-attendance at the meetings, he was deprived of his gown.

After all these marks of public consequence, the reader may be surprised to learn that John Shakespeare, the father of the world's greatest thinker and greatest poet, could not write his name! Such was undoubtedly the fact; and I take pleasure in noting it, as showing, what is too apt to be forgotten in these bookish days, that men may know several things, and may have witty children, without being initiated in the mysteries of pen and ink. In the borough records for 1565 is an order signed by nineteen aldermen and burgesses, calling upon John Wheler to undertake the office of Bailiff. Of these signers thirteen are markmen, and among them are the names of George Whately, then Bailiff, Roger Sadler, head-alderman, and John Shakespeare. So that there was nothing remarkable in his not being able to wield a pen. As Bailiff of Stratford, he was *ex officio* a

justice of the peace; and two warrants are extant, granted by him in December, 1568, for the arrest of John Ball and Richard Walcar on account of debts; both of them bearing witness that "he had a mark to himself, like an honest, plain-dealing man." Several other cases in point are met with at later periods; some of which show that his wife stood on the same footing with him in this respect. In October, 1579, John and Mary Shakespeare executed a deed and bond for the transfer of their interest in certain property; both of which are subscribed with their several marks, and sealed with their respective seals.

John Shakespeare's good fortune seems to have reached its height about the year 1575, after which time we meet with many clear tokens of his decline. It is not improbable that his affairs may have got embarrassed from his having too many irons in the fire. The registry of the Court of Record, from 1555 to 1595, has a large number of entries respecting him, which show him to have been engaged in a great variety of transactions, and to have had more litigation on his hands than would now be thought either creditable or safe. But, notwithstanding his decline of fortune, we have proofs as late as 1592 that he still retained the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. From that time forward, his affairs were doubtless taken care of by one who, as we shall see hereafter, was much interested not to let them suffer, and also well able to keep them in good trim. He was buried September 8, 1601; so that, supposing him to have reached his majority when first heard of in 1552, he must have passed the age of threescore-and-ten.

On the maternal side, our Poet's lineage was of a higher rank, and may be traced further back. His mother was MARY ARDEN, a name redolent of old poetry and romance. The family of Arden was among the most ancient in War-

wickshire. Their history, as given by Dugdale, spreads over six centuries. Sir John Arden was squire of the body to Henry the Seventh; and he had a nephew, the son of a younger brother, who was page of the bedchamber to the same monarch. These were at that time places of considerable service and responsibility; and both the uncle and the nephew were liberally rewarded by their royal master. By conveyances dated in December, 1519, it appears that Robert Arden then became the owner of houses and land in Snitterfield. Other purchases by him of lands and houses are recorded from time to time. The Poet's maternal grandfather, also named Robert, died in 1556. In his will, dated November 24th, and proved December 16th, of that year, he makes special bequests to his "youngest daughter Mary," and also appoints her and another daughter, named Alice, "full executors of this my last will and testament." On the whole, it is evident enough that he was a man of good landed estate. Both he and John Shakespeare appear to have been of that honest and substantial old English yeomanry from whose better-than-royal stock and lineage the great Poet of Nature might most fitly fetch his life and being. Of the Poet's grandmother on either side we know nothing whatever.

Mary Arden was the youngest of seven children, all of them daughters. The exact time of her marriage is uncertain, no registry of it having been found. She was not married at the date of her father's will, November, 1556. Joan, the first-born of John and Mary Shakespeare, was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, September 15, 1558. We have seen that at this time John Shakespeare was well established and thriving in business, and was making good headway in the confidence of the Stratfordians, being one of the constables of the borough. On the 2d of December, 1562, while he was chamberlain,

his second child was christened Margaret. On the 26th of April, 1564, was baptized "WILLIAM, son of John Shakespeare." The day of his birth is not positively known, but the general custom then was to baptize infants at three days old, and the custom is justly presumed to have been followed in this instance. Accordingly the 23d of April is agreed upon everywhere throughout the English-speaking world as the Poet's birthday, and is often celebrated as such with appropriate festivities. We have seen that throughout the following Summer the destroyer was busy in Stratford, making fearful spoil of her sons and daughters; but it spared the babe on whose life hung the fate of English literature. Other children were added to the family, to the number of eight, several of them dying in the mean time. On the 15th of April, 1569, their third daughter was christened Joan, the first having died in infancy. On the 28th of September, 1571, soon after the father became head-alderman, a fourth daughter was baptized Anne. Hitherto the parish register has known him only as John Shakespeare: in this case it designates him "*Master* Shakespeare"; and in all cases after this the name is written with that significant prefix. From which it appears that by holding the offices of High-Bailiff and Head-Alderman he had gained for himself the rank and title of *Gentleman*. Such rank and title, however, so gained, were personal only, and were not transmissible to his children.

Nothing further is heard of Mrs. Mary Shakespeare till her death in 1608. On the 9th of September, that year, the parish register notes the burial of "Mary Shakespeare, widow," her husband having died seven years before. That she had in a special degree the confidence and affection of her father, is apparent from the treatment she received in his will. It would be very gratifying, no doubt, perhaps very instructive also, to be let into the domestic life and

character of the Poet's mother. That both her nature and her discipline entered largely into his composition, and had much to do in making him what he was, can hardly be questioned. Whatsoever of woman's beauty and sweetness and wisdom was expressed in her life and manners could not but be caught and repeated in his susceptive and fertile mind. He must have grown familiar with the noblest parts of womanhood somewhere; and I can scarce conceive how he should have learned them so well, but that the light and glory of them beamed upon him from his mother. At the time of her death, the Poet was in his forty-fifth year, and had already produced those mighty works which were to fill the world with his fame. For some years she must in all likelihood have been more or less under his care and protection; as her age, at the time of her death, could not well have been less than seventy.

And here I am minded to notice a point which, it seems to me, has been somewhat overworked within the last few years. Gervinus, the German critic, thinks — and our Mr. Grant White agrees with him — that Shakespeare acquired all his best ideas of womanhood after he went to London, and conversed with the ladies of the city. And in support of this notion they cite the fact — for such it is — that the women of his later plays are much superior to those of his earlier ones. But are not the *men* of his later plays quite as much superior to the men of his first? Are not his later plays as much better *every way*, as in respect of the female characters? The truth seems to be, that Shakespeare saw more of great and good in both man and woman, as he became older and knew them better; for he was full of intellectual righteousness in this as in other things. And in this matter it may with something of special fitness be said that a man finds what he brings with him the faculty for finding. Shakespeare's mind did not stay on the surface of things.

Probably there never was a man more alive to the presence of humble, modest worth. And to his keen yet kindly eye the plain-thoughted women of his native Stratford may well have been as pure, as sweet, as lovely, as rich in all the inward graces which he delighted to unfold in his female characters, as any thing he afterwards found among the fine ladies of the metropolis; albeit I mean no disparagement to these latter; for the Poet was by the best of all rights a gentleman, and the ladies who pleased him in London doubtless had sense and womanhood enough to recognize him as such. At all events, it is reasonable to suppose that the foundations of his mind were laid before he left Stratford, and that the gatherings of the boy's eye and heart were the germs of the man's thoughts.

We have seen our Poet springing from what may be justly termed the best vein of old English life. At the time of his birth, his parents, considering the purchases previously made by the father, and the portion inherited by the mother, must have been tolerably well off. Malone, reckoning only the bequests specified in her father's will, estimated Mary Shakespeare's fortune to be not less than £110. Later researches have brought to light considerable items of property that were unknown to Malone. Supposing her fortune to have been as good as £150 then, it would go nearly if not quite as far as $5000 in our time. So that the Poet passed his boyhood in just about that medium state between poverty and riches which is accounted most favourable to health of body and mind.

At the time when his father became High-Bailiff the Poet was in his fifth year; old enough to understand something of what would be said and done in the home of an English magistrate, and to take more or less interest in the duties, the hospitalities, and perhaps the gayeties incident to the headship of the borough. It would seem that the Poet

came honestly by his inclination to the Drama. During his term of office, John Shakespeare is found acting in his public capacity as a patron of the stage. The chamberlain's accounts show that twice in the course of that year money was paid to different companies of players; and these are the earliest notices we have of theatrical performances in that ancient town. The Bailiff and his son William were most likely present at those performances. From that time forward, all through the Poet's youth, probably no year passed without similar exhibitions at Stratford. In 1572, however, an act was passed for restraining itinerant players, whereby, unless they could show a patent under the great seal, they became liable to be proceeded against as vagabonds, for performing without a license from the local authorities. Nevertheless, the chamberlain's accounts show that between 1569 and 1587 no less than ten distinct companies performed at Stratford under the patronage of the corporation. In 1587, five of those companies are found performing there; and within the period just mentioned the Earl of Leicester's men are noted on three several occasions as receiving money from the town treasury. In May, 1574, the Earl of Leicester obtained a patent under the great seal, enabling his players, James Burbage and four others, to exercise their art in any part of the kingdom except London. In 1587, this company became "The Lord Chamberlain's servants"; and we shall in due time find Shakespeare belonging to it. James Burbage was the father of Richard Burbage, probably the greatest actor of that age. The family was most likely from Warwickshire, and perhaps from Stratford, as we have already met with the name in that town. Such were the opportunities our embryo Poet had for catching the first rudiments of the art in which he afterwards displayed such mastery.

The forecited accounts have an entry, in 1564, of two

shillings "paid for defacing image in the chapel." Even then the excesses generated out of the Reformation were invading such towns as Stratford, and waging a "crusade against the harmless monuments of the ancient belief; no exercise of taste being suffered to interfere with what was considered a religious duty." In these exhibitions of strolling players this spirit found matter, no doubt, more deserving of its hostility. While the Poet was yet a boy, a bitter war of books and pamphlets had begun against plays and players; and the Stratford records inform us of divers attempts to suppress them in that town; but the issue proves that the Stratfordians were not easily beaten from that sort of entertainment, in which they evidently took great delight.

We have seen that both John and Mary Shakespeare, instead of writing their name, were so far disciples of Jack Cade as to use the more primitive way of making their mark. It nowise follows from this that they could not read; neither have we any certain evidence that they could. Be this as it may, there was no good reason why their children should not be able to say, "I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name." A Free-School had been founded at Stratford by Thomas Jolyffe in the reign of Edward the Fourth. In 1553, King Edward the Sixth granted a charter, giving it a legal status, with legal rights and duties, under the name of "The King's New School of Stratford-upon-Avon." What particular course or method of instruction was used there, we have no certain knowledge; but it was probably much the same as that used in other like schools of that period; which included the elementary branches of English, and also the rudiments of classical learning.

Here it was, no doubt, that Shakespeare acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" which Ben Jonson accords to him. What was "small" learning in the eyes of such a

scholar as Jonson, may yet have been something handsome in itself; and his remark may fairly imply that the Poet had at least the regular free-school education of the time. Honourably ambitious, as his father seems to have been, of being somebody, it is not unlikely that he may have prized learning the more for being himself without it. William was his oldest son; when his fortune began to ebb, the Poet was in his fourteenth year, and, from his native qualities of mind, we cannot doubt that, up to that time at least, "all the learnings that his *town* could make him the receiver of he took, as we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and in his Spring became a harvest."

The honest but credulous gossip Aubrey, who died about 1700, states, on the authority of one Beeston, that "Shakespeare understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." The statement may fairly challenge some respect, inasmuch as persons of the name of Beeston were connected with the stage before Shakespeare's death and long afterwards. And it is not unlikely that the Poet may, at some time, have been an assistant teacher in the free-school at Stratford. Nor does this conflict with Rowe's account, which states that John Shakespeare kept William at the free-school for some time; but that straitness of circumstances and need of help forced him to withdraw his son from the school. Though writing from tradition, Rowe was evidently careful, and what he says agrees perfectly with what later researches have established respecting John Shakespeare's course of fortune. He also tells us that the Poet's father "could give him no better education than his own employment." John Shakespeare, as we have seen, was so far occupied with agriculture as to be legally styled a "yeoman." Nor am I sure but the ancient functions of an English yeoman's oldest son might be a better education for what the Poet afterwards accomplished

than was to be had at any free-school or university in England. His large and apt use of legal terms and phrases has induced many good Shakespearians learned in the law to believe that he must have been for some time a student of that noble science. It is indeed difficult to understand how he could have spoken as he often does, without some study in the law; but, as he seems thoroughly at home in the specialties of many callings, it is possible his knowledge in the law may have grown from the large part his father had, either as magistrate or litigant, in legal transactions. I am sure he either studied divinity or else had a strange gift of knowing it without studying it; and his ripeness in the knowledge of disease and of the healing art is a standing marvel to the medical faculty.

Knight has speculated rather copiously and romantically upon the idea of Shakespeare's having been a spectator of the more-than-royal pomp and pageantry with which the Queen was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth in 1575. Stratford was fourteen miles from Kenilworth, and the Poet was then eleven years old. That his ears were assailed and his imagination excited by the fame of that magnificent display cannot be doubted, for all that part of the kingdom was laid under contribution to supply it, and was resounding with the noise of it; but his father was not of a rank to be summoned or invited thither, nor was he of an age to go thither without his father. Positive evidence either way on the point there is none; nor can I discover any thing in his plays that would fairly infer him to have drunk in the splendour of that occasion, however the fierce attractions thereof may have kindled a mind so brimful of poetry and life. The whole matter is an apt theme for speculation, and for nothing else.

The gleanings of tradition apart, the first knowledge that has reached us of the Poet, after his baptism, has reference to his marriage. Rowe tells us that "he thought fit to marry

while he was very young," and that "his wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." These statements are borne out by later disclosures. The marriage took place in the Fall of 1582, when the Poet was in his nineteenth year. On the 28th of November, that year, Fulk Sandels and John Richardson subscribed a bond whereby they became liable in the sum of £40, to be forfeited to the Bishop of Worcester in case there should be found any lawful impediment to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford; the object being to procure such a dispensation from the Bishop as would authorize the ceremony after once publishing the banns. The original bond is preserved at Worcester, with the marks and seals of the two bondsmen affixed, and also bearing a seal with the initials R. H., as if to show that some legal representative of the bride's father, Richard Hathaway, was present and consenting to the act. There was nothing peculiar in the transaction; the bond is just the same as was usually given in such cases, and several others like it are to be seen at the office of the Worcester registry.

The parish books all about Stratford and Worcester have been ransacked, but no record of the marriage has been discovered. The probability is, that the ceremony took place in some one of the neighbouring parishes where the registers of that period have not been preserved.

Anne Hathaway was of Shottery, a pleasant village situate within an easy walk of Stratford, and belonging to the same parish. No record of her baptism has come to light, but the baptismal register of Stratford did not begin till 1558. She died on the 6th of August, 1623, and the inscription on her monument gives her age as sixty-seven years. Her birth, therefore, must have been in 1556, eight years before that of her husband.

From certain precepts, dated in 1566, and lately found among the papers of the Stratford Court of Record, it appears that the relations between John Shakespeare and Richard Hathaway were of a very friendly sort. Hathaway's will was made September 1, 1581, and proved July 19, 1582, which shows him to have died a few months before the marriage of his daughter Anne. The will makes good what Rowe says of his being "a substantial yeoman." He appoints Fulk Sandals one of the supervisors of his will, and among the witnesses to it is the name of William Gilbert, then curate of Stratford. One item of the will is, "I owe unto Thomas Whittington, my shepherd, £4, 6 *s.* 8 *d.*" Whittington died in 1601; and in his will he gives and bequeaths "unto the poor people of Stratford 40 *s.* that is in the hand of Anne Shakespeare, wife unto Mr. William Shakespeare." The careful old shepherd had doubtless placed the money in Anne Shakespeare's hand for safe keeping, she being a person in whom he had confidence.

The Poet's match was evidently a love-match: whether the love was of that kind which forms the best pledge of wedded happiness, is another question. It is not unlikely that the marriage may have been preceded by the ancient ceremony of troth-plight, or *handfast*, as it was sometimes called; like that which almost takes place between Florizel and Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*, and quite takes place between Olivia and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*. The custom of troth-plight was much used in that age, and for a long time after. In some places it had the force and effect of an actual marriage. Serious evils, however, sometimes grew out of it; and the Church of England did wisely, no doubt, in uniting the troth-plight and the marriage in one and the same ceremony. Whether such solemn betrothment had or had not taken place between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, it is certain from the parish register that

they had a daughter, Susanna, baptized on the 26th of May, 1583.

Some of the Poet's later biographers and critics have supposed he was not happy in his marriage. Certain passages of his plays, especially the charming dialogue between the Duke and the disguised Viola in Act ii., scene 4, of *Twelfth Night*, have been cited as involving some reference to the Poet's own case, or as having been suggested by what himself had experienced of the evils resulting from the wedlock of persons "misgraffed in respect of years." There was never any thing but sheer conjecture for this notion. Rowe mentions nothing of the kind; and we may be sure that his candour would not have spared the Poet, had tradition offered him any such matter. As for the passages in question, I know no reason for excepting them from the acknowledged purity and disinterestedness of the Poet's representations; where nothing is more remarkable, or more generally commended, than his singular aloofness of self, his perfect freedom from every thing bordering upon egotism.

Mr. Grant White is especially hard upon the Poet's wife, worrying up the matter against her, and fairly tormenting the poor woman's memory. Now the facts about the marriage are just precisely as I have stated them. I confess they are not altogether such as I should wish them to have been; but I can see no good cause why prurient inference or speculation should busy itself in going behind them. If, however, conjecture must be at work on those facts, surely it had better run in the direction of charity, especially as regards the weaker vessel. I say weaker vessel, because in this case the man must in common fairness be supposed to have had the advantage at least as much in natural strength of understanding as the woman had in years. And as Shakespeare was, by all accounts, a very attractive person, it is not quite clear why she had not as good a right to lose

her heart in his company as he had to lose his in hers. Probably she was as much smitten as he was; and we may well remember in her behalf, that love's "favourite seat is feeble woman's breast"; especially as there is not a particle of evidence that her life after marriage was ever otherwise than clear and honourable. And indeed it will do no hurt to remember in reference to them both, how

> 'Tis affirm'd
> By poets skill'd in Nature's secret ways,
> That Love will not submit to be controll'd
> By mastery.

In support of his view, Mr. White urges, among other things, that most foul and wicked fling which Leontes, in his mad rapture of jealousy, makes against his wife, in Act i., scene 2, of *The Winter's Tale*. He thinks the Poet could not have written that and other strains of like import, but that he was stung into doing so by his own bitter experience of "sorrow and shame"; and the argument is that, supposing him to have had such a root of bitterness in his life, he must have been thinking of that while writing those passages. The obvious answer is, To be sure, he must have been thinking of that; but then he must have known that others would think of it too; and a reasonable delicacy on his part would have counselled the withholding of any thing that he was conscious might be applied to his own domestic affairs. Sensible men do not write in their public pages such things as would be almost sure to breed or foster scandal about their own names or their own homes. The man that has a secret cancer on his person will naturally be the last to speak of cancers in reference to others. I can hardly think Shakespeare was so wanting in a sense of propriety as to have written the passages in question, but that he knew no man could say he was exposing the foulness of his own

nest. So that my inferences in the matter are just the reverse of Mr. White's. As for the alleged need of personal experience in order to the writing of such things, why should not this hold just as well in regard, for instance, to Lady Macbeth's pangs of guilt? Shakespeare's prime characteristic was, that he knew the truth of Nature in all such things without the help of personal experience.

Mr. White presumes, moreover, that Anne Shakespeare was a coarse, low, vulgar creature, such as, the fascination of the honeymoon once worn off, the Poet could not choose but loathe and detest; and that his betaking himself to London was partly to escape from her hated society. This, too, is all sheer conjecture, and rather lame at that. That Shakespeare was more or less separated from his wife for a number of years, cannot indeed be questioned; but that he ever found or ever sought relief or comfort in such separation, is what we have no warrant for believing. It was simply forced upon him by the necessities of his condition. The darling object of his London life evidently was, that he might return to his native town, with a handsome competence, and dwell in the bosom of his family; and the yearly visits, which tradition reports him to have made to Stratford, look like any thing but a wish to forget them or be forgotten by them. From what is known of his subsequent life, it is certain that he had, in large measure, that honourable ambition, so natural to an English gentleman, of being the founder of a family; and as soon as he had reached the hope of doing so, he retired to his old home, and there set up his rest, as if his best sunshine of life still waited on the presence of her from whose society he is alleged to have fled away in disappointment and disgust.

On the 2d of February, 1585, two more children, twins, were christened in the parish church as "Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakespeare." We hear

of no more children being added to the family. I must here so far anticipate as to observe, that the son Hamnet was buried in August, 1596, being then in his twelfth year. This is the first severe home-stroke known to have lighted on the Poet.

Tradition has been busy with the probable causes of Shakespeare's going upon the stage. Several causes have been assigned; such as, first, a natural inclination to poetry and acting; second, a deer-stealing frolic, which resulted in making Stratford too hot for him; third, the pecuniary embarrassments of his father. It is not unlikely that all these causes, and perhaps others, may have concurred in prompting the step.

For the first, we have the testimony of Aubrey, who was at Stratford probably about the year 1680. He was an inveterate hunter after anecdotes, and seems to have caught up, without sifting, whatever quaint or curious matter came in his way. So that no great reliance can attach to what he says, unless it is sustained by other authority. But in this case his words sound like truth, and are supported by all the likelihoods that can grow from what we should presume to have been the Poet's natural turn of mind. "This William," says he, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen, and was an actor in one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. He began early to make essays in dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came."

Now the Drama was then a great and rising institution in England, and of course the dramatic interest had its centre in the metropolis. And, from what Shakespeare actually accomplished in the Drama, it is evident that he must have

had a great natural genius for just that sort of thing. Such genius has corresponding instincts, which are uneasy and restless till they find their natural place, but spontaneously recognize and take to that place on meeting with it. So, when dramatic performances fell under the youthful Shakespeare's eye, his genius could hardly fail to be strongly kindled towards the Drama as its native and proper element; the pre-established harmony thus instinctively prompting and guiding him to the work for which his mind was specially attuned, and in which it would be most at home. This, no doubt, was the *principal* cause of his betaking himself to the stage. Nothing further was wanting but an answering opportunity; and this was supplied by the passion for dramatic entertainments which then pervaded all ranks of the English people.

The deer-stealing matter as given by Rowe is as follows: That Shakespeare fell into the company of some wild fellows who were in the habit of stealing deer, and who drew him into robbing a park owned by Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. That, being prosecuted for this, he lampooned Sir Thomas in some bitter verses; which made the Knight so sharp after him, that he had to steal himself off and take shelter in London.

Several have attempted to refute this story; but the main substance of it stands approved by too much strength of credible tradition to be easily overthrown. And it is certain from public records that the Lucys had great power at Stratford, and were not seldom engaged in disputes with the corporation. Mr. Halliwell met with an old record entitled "the names of them that made the riot upon Master Thomas Lucy, Esquire." Thirty-five inhabitants of Stratford, chiefly tradespeople, are named in the list, but no Shakespeares among them.

Knight, over-zealous in the Poet's behalf, will not allow

any thing to be true that infers the least moral blemish in his life: he therefore utterly discredits the story in question, and hunts it down with arguments more ingenious than sound. In writing biography, special-pleading is not good; and I would fain avoid trying to make the Poet out any better than he was. Little as we know about him, it is evident enough that he had his frailties, and ran into divers faults, both as a poet and as a man. And when we hear him confessing, as he does in one of his Sonnets, "Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth askance and strangely"; we may be sure he was but too conscious of things that needed to be forgiven; and that he was as far as any one from wishing his faults to pass for virtues. Deer-stealing, however, was then a kind of fashionable sport, and whatever might be its legal character, it was not morally regarded as involving any criminality or disgrace. So that the whole thing may be justly treated as a mere youthful frolic, wherein there might indeed be some indiscretion, and a deal of vexation to the person robbed, but no stain on the party engaged in it.

The precise time of the Poet's leaving Stratford is not known; but we cannot well set it down as later than 1586. His children, Hamnet and Judith, were born, as I have said, in the early part of 1585; and for several years before that time his father's affairs were drooping. The prosecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy, added to his father's straitness of means, may well have made him desirous of quitting Stratford; while the meeting of inclination and opportunity in his acquaintance with the players may have determined him where to go, and what to do. The company were already in a course of thrift; the demand for their labours was growing; and he might well see, in their fellowship, a chance of retrieving, as he did retrieve, his father's fortune.

Of course there need be no question that Shakespeare

held at first a subordinate rank in the theatre. Dowdal, writing in 1693, tells us "he was received into the playhouse as a servitor"; which probably means that he started as an apprentice to some actor of standing,—a thing not unusual at the time. It will readily be believed that he could not be in such a place long without recommending himself to a higher one. As for the well-known story of his being reduced to the extremity of "picking up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses that came to the play," I cannot perceive the slightest likelihood of truth in it. The first we hear of it is in *The Lives of the Poets*, written by a Scotchman named Shiels, and published under the name of Cibber, in 1753. The story is there said to have passed through Rowe in coming to the writer. If so, then Rowe must have discredited it, else, surely, he would not have omitted so remarkable a passage. Be that as it may, the station which the Poet's family had long held at Stratford, and the fact of his having influential friends at hand from Warwickshire, are enough to stamp it as an arrant fiction.

We have seen that the company of Burbage and his fellows held a patent under the great seal, and in 1587 took the title of "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Eleven years before this time, in 1576, they had started the Blackfriars theatre, so named from a monastery that had formerly stood on or near the same ground. Hitherto the several bands of players had made use of halls, or temporary erections in the streets or the inn-yards, stages being set up, and the spectators standing below, or occupying galleries about the open space. In 1577, two other playhouses were in operation; and still others sprang up from time to time. The Blackfriars and some others were without the limits of the corporation, in what were called "the Liberties." The Mayor and Aldermen of London were from the first decid-

edly hostile to all such establishments, and did their best to exclude them the City and Liberties; but the Court, many of the chief nobility, and, which was still more, the common people favoured them. The whole mind indeed of Puritanism was utterly down on stage-plays of all sorts and in every shape. But it did not go to work the right way: it should have stopped off the demand for them. This, however, it could not do; for the Drama was at that time, as it long had been, an intense national passion: the people would have plays, and could not be converted from the love of them.

From what we shall presently see, it would be unreasonable not to suppose, that by the year 1590 the Poet was well started in his dramatic career; and that the effect of his cunning labours was beginning even then to be felt by his senior fellows in that line. Allowing him to have entered the theatre in 1586, when he was twenty-two years of age, he must have made good use of his time, and worked onwards with surprising speed, during those four years; though whether he got ahead more by his acting or his writing, we have no certain knowledge. In tragic parts, none of the company could shine beside the younger Burbage; while Greene, and still more Kempe, another of the band, left small chance of distinction in comic parts. Aubrey, as before quoted, tells us that Shakespeare "was a handsome, well-shaped man," which is no slight matter on the stage; and adds, "He did act exceedingly well." Rowe "could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." But this part, to be fairly dealt with, requires an actor of no mean powers; and, as Burbage is known to have played the Prince, we may presume that "the Majesty of buried Denmark" would not be cast upon very inferior hands. That the Poet was master of the theory of acting,

and could tell, none better, how the thing ought to be done, is evident enough from Hamlet's instructions to the players. But it nowise follows that he could perform his own instructions.

Let us see now how matters stood some two years later. One of the most popular and most profligate play-writers of that time was Robert Greene, who, having been reduced to beggary, and forsaken by his companions, died miserably at the house of a poor shoemaker, in September, 1592. Shortly after he died, his *Groatsworth of Wit* was given to the public by Henry Chettle. Near the close of this tract, Greene makes an address "to those gentlemen his *quondam* acquaintance, who spend their wits in making plays," exhorting them to desist from such pursuits. One of those "gentlemen" was Christopher Marlowe, distinguished alike for poetry, profligacy, and profanity; the others were Thomas Lodge and George Peele. Greene here vents a deal of fury against the players, alleging that they have all been beholden to him, yet have now forsaken him; and from thence inferring that the three worthies whom he is exhorting will fare no better at their hands. After which he goes on thus: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his 'tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is in own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

Here the fling at Shakespeare is unmistakeable, and nobody questions that he is the "Shake-scene" of the passage. The terms of the allusion yield conclusive evidence as to how the Poet stood in 1592. Though sneered at as a player, it is plain that he was already throwing the other play-writers into the shade, and making their labours cheap. Blank-verse was Marlowe's special forte, and some of his dramas

show no little skill in the use of it; but here was "an upstart" from the country who was able to rival him in his own line. Moreover, this Shake-scene was a Do-all, a *Johannes Fac-totum*, who could turn his hand to any thing; and his readiness to undertake what none others could do so well naturally drew upon him the imputation of conceit from those who envied his rising, and whose lustre was growing dim in his light.

It appears that both Shakespeare and Marlowe were offended at the liberties thus taken with them. For, before the end of that same year, Chettle published a tract entitled *Kind Heart's Dream*, wherein we have the following: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted; and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be: the other I did not so much spare as since I wish I had; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

On the whole, we can readily pardon the malice of Greene's assault for the sake of this tribute, which it was the means of drawing forth, to Shakespeare's character as a man and his cunning as a poet. The words "excellent in the quality he professes," refer to the Poet's acting; while the term *facetious* is used, apparently, not in the sense it now bears, but in that of *felicitous* or *happy*, as was common at that time. So it seems that Shakespeare already had friends in London, some of them "worshipful," too, who were strongly commending him as a poet, and who were prompt to remonstrate with Chettle against the mean slur cast upon him.

This naturally starts the inquiry, what dramas the Poet had then written, to earn such praise. Greene speaks of

him as "beautified with our feathers." Probably there was at least some plausible colour of truth in this charge. The charge, I have no doubt, refers mainly to *The Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth*. The two plays on which these were founded were published, respectively, in 1594 and 1595, their titles being, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*. In the form there given, the plays have, as Mr. White has clearly shown, along with much of Shakespeare's work, many unquestionable marks of Greene's hand. All those marks, however, were disciplined out of them, as they have come down to us in Shakespeare's works. There can be no doubt, then, that Greene, and perhaps Marlowe also, had a part in them as they were printed in 1594 and 1595, though no author's name was then given. Now it was much the custom at that time for several playwrights to work together. Of this we have many well-authenticated instances. The most likely conclusion, therefore, is, that these two plays in their original form were the joint workmanship of Shakespeare, Greene, and Marlowe. Perhaps, however, there was a still older form of the plays, written entirely by Marlowe and Greene; which older form Shakespeare, some time before Greene's death, may have taken in hand, and recast, retaining more or less of their matter, and working it in with his own nobler stuff; for this was often done also. Or, again, it may be that, before the time in question, Shakespeare, not satisfied to be joint author with them, had rewritten the plays, and purged them of nearly all matter but what he might justly claim as his own; thus making them as we now have them.

As regards the occasion of Greene's assault, it matters little which of these views we take, as in either case his charge would have some apparent ground of truth. It is

further probable that the same course of remark would apply more or less to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and also to *Titus Andronicus*. At all events, I have no doubt that these four plays, together with *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labours Lost*, in its first form, were all written before the time of Greene's death. Perhaps the first shape, also, of *Romeo and Juliet* should be added to this list.

My reasons for this opinion are too long to be stated here: I can but observe that in these plays, as might be expected from one who was modest and wished to learn, we have much of imitation as distinguished from character, though of imitation surpassing its models. And it seems to me that no fair view can be had of the Poet's mind, no justice done to his art, but by carefully discriminating in his work what grew from imitation, and what from character. For he evidently wrote very much like others of his time, before he learned to write like himself; that is, it was some time before he found, by practice and experience, his own strength; and meanwhile he relied more or less on the strength of custom and example. Nor was it till he had surpassed others in *their* way, that he hit upon that more excellent way in which none could walk but he.

It has been quite too common to speak of Shakespeare as a miracle of spontaneous genius, who did his best things by force of instinct, not of art; and that, consequently, he was nowise indebted to time and experience for the reach and power which his dramas display. This is an "old fond paradox" which seems to have originated with those who could not conceive how any man could acquire intellectual skill without scholastic advantages; forgetting, apparently, that several things, if not more, may be learned in the school of Nature, provided one have an eye to read her "open se-

crets" without "the spectacles of books." This notion has vitiated a good deal of Shakespearian criticism. Rowe had something of it. "Art," says he, "had so little, and Nature so large a share in what Shakespeare did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth were the best." I think decidedly otherwise; and have grounds for doing so which Rowe had not, in what has since been done towards ascertaining the chronology of the Poet's plays.

It would seem from Chettle's apology, that Shakespeare was already beginning to attract liberal notice from that circle of brave and accomplished gentlemen which adorned the state of Queen Elizabeth. Among the "divers of worship," first and foremost stood, no doubt, the high-souled, the generous Southampton, then in his twentieth year. Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton, was but eight years old when his father died: the Southampton estates were large; during the young Earl's minority his interests were in good hands, and the revenues accumulated; so that on coming of age he had means answerable to his dispositions. Moreover, he was a young man of good parts, of studious habits, of cultivated tastes, and withal of a highly chivalrous and romantic spirit: to all which he added the honour of being the early and munificent patron of Shakespeare. In 1593, the Poet published his *Venus and Adonis*, with a modest and manly dedication to this nobleman, very different from the usual high-flown style of literary adulation then in vogue; telling him, "If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In the dedication, he calls the poem "the first heir of my invention." Whether he dated its birth from the writing or the publishing, does not appear: probably it had been written some time; possibly before he left Stratford. This was followed, the next year, by his *Lucrece*, dedicated

to the same nobleman in a strain of more open and assured friendship: "The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours."

It was probably about this time that the event took place which Rowe heard of through Sir William Davenant, that Southampton at one time gave the Poet a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he knew him to be desirous of making. Rowe might well scruple, as he did, the story of so large a gift, — equal to nearly $30,000 in our time; but the fact of his scruples being overruled shows that he had strong grounds for the statement. The sum may indeed have been exaggerated; but all we know of the Earl assures us that he could not but wish to make a handsome return for the *Venus and Adonis*; and that whatever of the kind he did was bound to be something rich and rare; while it was but of a piece with his approved nobleness of character, to feel more the honour he was receiving than that he was conferring by such an act of generosity. Might not this be what Shakespeare meant by "the *warrant* I have of your honourable disposition"? That the Earl was both able and disposed to the amount alleged, need not be scrupled: the only doubt has reference to the Poet's occasions. Let us see, then, what these may have been.

In December, 1593, Richard Burbage, who, his father having died or retired, was then the leader of the Blackfriars company, signed a contract for the building of the Globe theatre. The Blackfriars was not accommodation enough for the company's uses, but was entirely covered-in, and furnished suitably for the Winter. The Globe, made larger, and designed for Summer use, was a round wooden building, open to the sky, with the stage protected by an overhanging roof. All things considered, then, it is not

incredible that the generous Earl may have bestowed even as large a sum as a thousand pounds, to enable the Poet to do what he wished towards the new enterprise.

The next authentic notice we have of Shakespeare is a public tribute of admiration from the highest source that could have yielded any thing of the sort at that time. In 1594, Edmund Spenser published his *Colin Clout's Come Home again*, which has these lines:

> And there, though last not least, is Ætion:
> A gentler Shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
> *Doth, like himself, heroically sound.*

This was Spenser's delicate way of suggesting the Poet's name. Ben Jonson has a like allusion in his lines, "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare":

> In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,
> As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.

There can be little doubt, though we have no certain knowledge on the point, that by this time the Poet's genius had sweetened itself into the good graces of Queen Elizabeth; as the irresistible compliment paid her in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* could hardly have been of a later date. It would be gratifying to know by what play he made his first conquest of the Queen. That he did captivate her, is told us in Ben Jonson's poem just quoted:

> Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James!

King John, *King Richard the Second*, *King Richard the Third*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the original form of *All's Well that Ends Well*, were, no doubt, all written before the Spring of 1596. So that these five plays, and perhaps one or two others, in addition to the nine men-

tioned before, may by that time have been performed in her Majesty's hearing, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure."

Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare "was wont to go to his native country once a-year." We now have better authority than Aubrey for believing that the Poet's heart was in "his native country" all the while. No sooner is he well established at London, and in receipt of funds to spare from the demands of business, than we find him making liberal investments amidst the scenes of his youth. Some years ago, Mr. Halliwell discovered in the Chapter-House, Westminster, a document which ascertains that in the Spring of 1597 Shakespeare bought of William Underhill, for the sum of £60, the establishment called "New Place," described as consisting of "one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances." This was one of the best dwelling-houses in Stratford, and was situate in one of the best parts of the town. Early in the sixteenth century it was owned by the Cloptons, and called "the great house." It was in one of the gardens belonging to this house that the Poet was believed to have planted a mulberry-tree. New Place remained in the hands of Shakespeare and his heirs till the Restoration, when it was repurchased by the Clopton family. In the Spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane were entertained there by Sir Hugh Clopton, under the Poet's mulberry-tree. About 1752, the place was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who, falling out with the Stratford authorities in some matter of rates, demolished the house, and cut down the tree; for which his memory has been visited with exemplary retribution.

We have other tokens of the Poet's thrift about this time. One of these is a curious letter, dated January 24, 1598, and written by Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, who was then in

London on business for himself and others. Sturley, it seems, had learned that "our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare," had money to invest, and so was for having him urged to buy up certain tithes at Stratford, on the ground that such a purchase "would advance him indeed, and would do us much good"; the meaning of which is, that the Stratford people were in want of money, and were looking to Shakespeare for a supply.

Another token of like import is a letter written by the same Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas afterwards married the Poet's youngest daughter. The letter was dated, "From the Bell, in Carter-lane, the 25th October, 1598," and addressed "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare." The purpose of the letter was to solicit a loan of £30 from the Poet on good security. No private letter written by Shakespeare has been found; and this is the only one written *to* him that has come to light. How the writer's request was answered we have no certain information; but we may fairly conclude the answer to have been satisfactory, because on the same day Quiney wrote to Sturley, and in Sturley's reply, dated November 4, 1598, which is also extant, the writer expresses himself much comforted at learning that "our countryman, Mr. Wm. Shak., would procure us money."

The earliest printed copies of Shakespeare's plays, known in our time, are *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Richard the Second*, and *King Richard the Third*, which were published separately in 1597. Two years later there was another edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." In 1598, two more, *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* and *Love's Labours Lost*, came from the press. The author's name was not given in any of these issues except *Love's Labours Lost*, which was said to be "newly corrected and augmented." *King Richard the*

Second and *King Richard the Third* were issued again in 1598, and *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1599; and in all these cases the author's name was printed in the title-page. *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was most likely written before 1598, but we hear of no edition of it till 1600.

Francis Meres has the honour of being the first critic of Shakespeare that appeared in print. In 1598, he put forth a book entitled *Palladis Tamia*, or *Wit's Treasury*, which has the following: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." The writer then instances twelve of the Poet's dramas by title, in proof of his point. His list, however, contains none but what I have already mentioned, except *The Merchant of Venice*. Taking all our sources of information together, we find at least seventeen of the plays written before 1598, when the Poet was thirty-four years of age, and had probably been in the theatre about twelve years.

Shakespeare was now decidedly at the head of the English Drama; moreover, he had found it a low, foul, disreputable thing, chiefly in the hands of profligate adventurers, and he had lifted it out of the mire, breathed strength and sweetness into it, and made it clean, fair, and honourable, a structure all alive with beauty and honest delectation. Such being the case, his standing was naturally firm and secure; he had little cause to fear rivalry; he could well afford to be generous; and any play that had his approval would be likely to pass. Ben Jonson, whose name has a peculiar right to be coupled with his, was ten years younger than he, and was working with that learned and sinewy diligence which marked his character. We have it on the sound authority of Rowe, that Shakespeare lent a helping hand

to honest Ben, and on an occasion that does credit to them both. "Mr. Jonson," says he, "who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something in it so well, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public."

Some attempts have been made to impugn this account, but the result of them all has been rather to confirm it. How nobly the Poet's gentle and judicious act of kindness was remembered, is shown by Jonson's superb verses, some of which I have quoted, prefixed to the folio of 1623; enough of themselves to confer an immortality both on the writer and on the subject of them.

In 1599, we find a coat-of-arms granted to John Shakespeare, by the Heralds' College, in London. The grant was made, no doubt, at the instance of his son William. The matter is involved in a good deal of perplexity; the claims of the son being confounded with those of the father, in order, apparently, that out of the two together might be made a good, or at least a plausible, case. Our Poet, the son of a glover, or a yeoman, had evidently set his heart on being heralded into a gentleman; and, as his profession of actor stood in the way, the application was made in his father's name. The thing was started as early as 1596, but so much question was had, so many difficulties raised, concerning it, that the Poet was three years in working it through. To be sure, such heraldic gentry was of little worth in itself, and the Poet knew this well enough; but then it assured a certain very desirable social standing, and

therefore, as an aspiring member of society, he was right in seeking it.

In the year 1600, five more of his plays were published in as many quarto pamphlets. These were, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, and *King Henry the Fifth*. It appears, also, that *As You Like It* was then written; for it was entered at the Stationers' for publication, but was locked up from the press under a "stay." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was probably then in being also, though not printed till 1602. And a recent discovery ascertains that *Twelfth Night* was played in February, 1602. The original form of *Hamlet*, too, is known to have been written before 1603. Adding, then, the six plays now heard of for the first time, to the seventeen mentioned before, we have twenty-three plays written before the Poet had finished his thirty-eighth year.

The great Queen died on the 24th of March, 1603. We have abundant proof that she was, both by her presence and her purse, a frequent and steady patron of the Drama, especially as its interests were represented by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants." Everybody, no doubt, has heard the tradition of her having been so taken with Falstaff in *King Henry the Fourth*, that she requested the Poet to continue the character through another play, and to represent him in love; whereupon he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Whatever embellishments may have been added, there is nothing incredible in the substance of the tradition; while the approved taste and judgment of this female king, in matters of literature and art, give it strong likelihoods of truth.

Elizabeth knew how to unbend in such noble delectations without abating her dignity as a queen, or forgetting her duty as the mother of her people. If the patronage of King James fell below hers in wisdom, it was certainly not lacking

in warmth. One of his first acts, after reaching London, was to order out a warrant from the Privy Seal for the issuing of a patent under the Great Seal, whereby the Lord Chamberlain's players were taken into his immediate patronage under the title of "The King's Servants." The instrument names nine players, and Shakespeare stands second in the list. Nor did the King's patent prove a mere barren honour: many instances of the company's playing at the Court, and being well paid for it, are on record.

The Poet evidently was, as indeed from the nature of his position he could not but be, very desirous of withdrawing from the stage; and had long cherished, apparently, a design of doing so. In several passages of his Sonnets he expresses, in very strong and even pathetic language, his intense dislike of the business, and his grief at being compelled to pursue it:

> Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new;
> Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
> Askance and strangely.
>
> O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means, which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

At what time he carried into effect his purpose of retirement is not precisely known; nor can I stay to trace out the argument on that point. The probability is, that he ceased to be an actor in the Summer of 1604. The preceding year, 1603, Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* was brought out at the Blackfriars, and one of the parts was sustained by Shakespeare. After

this we have no note of his appearance on the stage; and there are certain traditions inferring the contrary. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." Dyce, also, observes, "It is evident that Shakespeare never ceased to turn his thoughts towards his birth-place, as the spot where he hoped to spend the evening of his days in honourable retirement."

In 1603, an edition of *Hamlet* was published, though very different from the present form of the play. The next year, 1604, the finished *Hamlet* was published; the title-page containing the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." Of *Measure for Measure* we have no authentic notice during the Poet's life. Of *Timon of Athens* and *Julius Cæsar* we have no express contemporary notice at all, authentic or otherwise. Nor have we any of *Troilus and Cressida* till 1609, in which year a stolen edition of it was published. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that these plays were all written, though perhaps not all in their present shape, before the close of 1604. Reckoning, then, the four last named, we have twenty-seven of the plays written when the Poet was forty years of age, and had probably been at the work about eighteen years. Time has indeed left few traces of the process; but what a magnificent treasure of results! If Shakespeare had done no more, he would have stood the greatest intellect of the world. How all alive must those eighteen years have been with intense and varied exertion! His quick discernment, his masterly tact, his grace of manners,

his practical judgment, and his fertility of expedients, would needs make him the soul of the establishment; doubtless the light of his eye and the life of his hand were in all its movements and plans. Besides, the compass and accuracy of information displayed in his writings prove him to have been, for that age, a careful and voluminous student of books. Portions of classical and of continental literature were accessible to him in translations. Nor are we without strong reasons for believing that, in addition to his "small Latin and less Greek," he found or made time to form a tolerable reading acquaintance with Italian and French. Chaucer, too, "the day-star," and Spenser, "the sunrise," of English poetry, were pouring their beauty round his walks. From all these, and from the growing richness and abundance of contemporary literature, his all-gifted and all-grasping mind no doubt greedily took in and quickly digested whatever was adapted to please his taste, or enrich his intellect, or assist his art.

I have mentioned the Poet's purchase of New Place at Stratford in 1597. Thenceforward he kept making other investments from time to time, some of them pretty large, the records of which have lately come to light. It appears by a subsidy roll of 1598, that he was assessed on property valued at £5, 13*s*. 4*d*., in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, London. In May, 1602, was executed a deed of conveyance whereby he became the owner of a hundred and seven acres of arable land in the town of Old Stratford, bought of William and John Combe for the sum of £320. In September following, a copyhold house in Walker-street, near New Place, was surrendered to him by Walter Getley. This property was held under the manor of Rowington: the transfer took place at the court-baron of the manor; and it appears that the Poet was not present at the time; there being a proviso, that the property should remain in the

hands of the Lady of the manor till the purchaser had done suit and service in the court. One Philip Rogers, it seems, had several times bought malt of Shakespeare to the amount of £1, 15*s*. 10*d*.; and in 1604 the Poet, not being able to get payment, filed in the Stratford Court of Record a declaration of suit against him; which probably had the desired effect, as nothing more is heard of it. This item is interesting, as it shows the Poet engaged in other pursuits than those relating to the stage. We have seen how, in 1598, Alderman Sturley was for "moving him to deal in the matter of our tithes." This was a matter wherein much depended on good management; and, as the town had a yearly rent from the tithes, it was for the public interest to have them managed well; and the moving of Shakespeare to deal in the matter sprang most likely from confidence in his practical judgment and skill. The tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and also those of "wool, lamb, hemp, flax, and other small and privy tithes," in Stratford, Old Stratford, Welcombe, and Bishopton, had been leased in 1544 for the term of ninety-two years. In July, 1605, the unexpired term of the lease, thirty-one years, was bought in by Shakespeare for the sum of £440. In the indenture of conveyance, he is styled "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, *Gentleman*."

Hitherto, the Poet has been overtaken in business affairs rather oftener than in poetical. His subsequent years furnish about the usual proportion of similar notices, which may as well be related here. — The Stratford records show that in August, 1608, he brought an action against John Addenbrook for the recovery of a debt, and that, after a delay of several months, a verdict was given in his favour for £6, and 24*s*. costs. Return being made that Addenbrook was not to be found within the borough, Shakespeare, in June following, proceeded against Thomas Horneby, who

had become bail for him, and it is to be hoped he got his money.

We have seen that in May, 1602, Shakespeare purchased of the Combes a hundred and seven acres of arable land in Old Stratford. In the Spring of 1611 a fine was levied on this property, and it thereby appears that twenty acres of pasture had been added to the original purchase. At what time the addition was made, is nowhere stated. The fine states the purchase money as £100, which Halliwell thinks to be a mere legal fiction.

About this time, the Stratford people seem to have been a good deal interested in "a bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highways, and amending divers defects in the statutes already made": funds were "collected towards the charge of prosecuting the bill"; and "Mr. William Shakespeare" is one of the names found in a list of donations for that purpose, dated "Wednesday the 11th of September, 1611."

The probability is that after this time Shakespeare saw but little of the metropolis. Rowe tells us, in a passage quoted a few pages back, that "the latter part of his life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." Still he was, like other men, not without his vexations. The exact date does not appear, but about the end of 1612 he was involved in a chancery suit respecting the tithes he had bought in 1605. The plaintiffs in the case are described as "Richard Lane, of Alveston, Esquire, Thomas Greene, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman." It seems that there was a reserved rent on the lease of the tithes, and that, some of the lessees refusing to pay their shares of this rent, a greater proportion than was right fell upon Lane, Greene, and Shakespeare; who thereupon filed a bill before Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, that the other lessees might be compelled

to due payment. The issue of the suit is not known; but the draft of the bill is valuable as showing the Poet's exact income from the tithes: it was £60 a-year.

The last pecuniary transaction of his that has come to light was the purchase of a house with a small piece of ground attached to it, in the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars theatre. The indenture of conveyance, preserved in the archives of the London corporation, describes the property as "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddlewharf on the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe," and the vendor as "Henry Walker, citizen and minstrel, of London." It is dated March 10th, 1613, and bears the Poet's signature, which shows that he was in London at the time. The purchase-money was £140, of which £80 were paid down, and the premises mortgaged for the remainder, the mortgage to run till the 29th of September following. Why the purchase was made, does not appear; but, as John Heminge, William Johnson, and John Jackson were parties to the transaction, Mr. Collier conjectures that the Poet advanced the £80 to them, expecting they would refund it before the expiration of the mortgage; but, as they did not do so, he paid the other £60, and the property remained his.

On the 29th of June, the same year, the Globe theatre was burnt down, and certain contemporary notices of the event ascertain that *King Henry VIII.* was in performance at the time. As the conflagration was very rapid, giving the people barely time to save themselves, it is likely that many of the Poet's manuscripts perished, and perhaps some, of which no copies were left. The theatre was soon rebuilt, and, as Stowe informs us, "at the great charge of King James, and many noblemen and others." The Poet is not traced as having any thing to do with the rebuilding of the establishment; but, if he suffered no loss himself, we

may be sure that he took a lively interest in the losses of his fellows, and was forward to lend them a helping hand.

The Summer following, he had a narrow escape from a similar calamity at home. On the 9th of July, 1614, Stratford was devastated by fire, to such an extent that the people made an appeal to the nation for relief. At the instance of various gentlemen of the neighbourhood, the King issued a brief in May, 1615, authorizing collections to be made in the churches for the rebuilding of the town, and alleging that fifty-four dwelling-houses had been destroyed, besides much other property, amounting in all to upwards of £8,000. The result of the appeal is not known; nor is it known what influence the Poet may have used towards procuring the royal brief.

The Fall of 1614 finds Shakespeare in London using his influence effectually in the cause of his fellow-citizens. It seems that several persons had set on foot a project for inclosing certain commons near Stratford, which the public were interested to keep open. The Poet had private reasons, also, for bestirring himself in the matter, as the projected inclosure was likely to affect his interest in the lease of the tithes. A legal instrument, dated October 28, 1614, is extant, whereby William Replingham binds himself to indemnify William Shakespeare and Thomas Greene for any loss which they, in the judgment of certain referees, may sustain in respect of the yearly value of the tithes they jointly or severally hold, "by reason of any inclosure or decay of tillage there meant or intended."

A few days after, Greene is found in London moving in the business as clerk of the Stratford corporation. In some notes of his made at the time, we have the following, dated November 17, 1614: "My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him, how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to inclose no further than

to Gospel-bush, and so up straight (leaving out part of the dingles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisbury's piece; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all."

Greene returned to Stratford soon after, and his notes, which he continued to make, inform us that the corporation had a meeting on the 23d of December, and sent letters to Shakespeare and Mainwaring: "Letters written, one to Mr. Mainwaring, another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the company's hands to either. I also writ myself to my cousin Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences that would happen by the inclosure." The letters to Shakespeare are lost: in that to Mainwaring, which is preserved, the corporation urged in strong terms the damage Stratford would suffer by the projected inclosure, and also the heavy loss the people had lately sustained by fire. Mr. Arthur Mainwaring was a person in the domestic service of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, which explains why he was written to in the matter. It is pretty clear from these slight notices, that the corporation left the care of their interests very much to Shakespeare, who had approved himself a good hand at bringing things to pass in actual life, as well as in ideal. The result was, an order from Court not only forbidding the inclosure to proceed, but peremptorily commanding that some steps already taken should be forthwith retraced.

This Thomas Greene was an attorney of Stratford. The origin and degree of his relationship to the Poet are not known. The parish register of Stratford records the burial of "Thomas Greene, *alias* Shakespeare," on the 6th of March, 1590. Probably enough, the attorney of 1614 may have been his son; and the relationship between the two

families may furnish the true key to that remarkable acquaintance which the Poet shows with the mysteries of the law.

Such details of business may not seem very appropriate in a *Life* of the greatest of poets; but we have clear evidence that Shakespeare took a lively interest in them, and was a good hand at managing them. He had learned by experience, no doubt, that "money is a good soldier, and will on"; and that, "if money go before, all ways do lie open." And the thing carries this benefit, if no other, that it tells us a man may be something of a poet, without being either above or below the common affairs of life.

When, or to whom, the Poet parted with his theatrical interests, we have no knowledge: that he did part with them, may be probably, though not necessarily, concluded from his not mentioning them in his will; and, from the large productiveness of such investments at that time, he would have no difficulty in finding a purchaser. A pretty careful investigation of the matter has brought good judges to the conclusion, that in 1608 his income could not have been less than £400 a-year. This, for all practical purposes, would be equivalent to some $12,000 in our time. The Rev. John Ward, who became vicar of Stratford in 1662, left a *Diary*, in which we have the following: "I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year; and for that had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard. — Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard; for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted. — Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter."

The only point in this, that calls for present notice, is the Poet's alleged expenditure. The honest and cautious vicar did well in adding to his statement "as I have heard." That Shakespeare kept up a liberal, not to say sumptuous, establishment, and was fond of entertaining his neighbours, and still more his old associates, after a generous fashion, we can well believe; but that he had £1,000 a-year to spend, or would have spent if he had, is not credible: it would have been, for all practical purposes, equivalent to about $30,000 in our day!

Francis Meres, in the work already cited, has the following: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends." This ascertains that some, at least, of the Poet's Sonnets were well known in 1598, though none of them had then been printed. Whether *all* of them were written before that date, we have no means of knowing; but the probability is that they were written at different times, as the author felt in the mood, or wished to gratify his friends; and that portions of them were copied in manuscript from time to time, and passed privately from hand to hand. At length a collection of them, to the number of a hundred and fifty-four, was made, and given to the public in 1609, by a bookseller who probably did not get them from the Poet himself.

Of the thirty-eight plays ascribed to Shakespeare, twenty-seven have already been mentioned. Of the eleven still to be accounted for, *King Lear* was acted at Whitehall before the Court in December, 1606, and two editions of it were issued in 1608. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* were entered at the Stationers' in 1608, and *Pericles* was published the next year. *Macbeth* was played at the Globe theatre in April, 1610, but perhaps written some

time before. *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* were performed at the Globe in the Spring of 1611; and *King Henry the Eighth* is not heard of till the burning of that theatre in 1613, when it is described as "a new play." Of *Coriolanus* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* we have no notice whatever till after the Poet's death; while of *Othello* and *The Tempest* we have no well-authenticated notices during his life; though there is a record, once held authentic, noting them to have been acted at the Court, the former in November, 1604, the latter in November, 1611: but that record, as in the case of *Measure for Measure*, has lately been pronounced spurious by the highest authority.

Some question has been made whether Shakespeare were a member of the celebrated convivial club established by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which held its sessions at the Mermaid-tavern. We have nothing that directly certifies his membership of that choice institution; but there are several things inferring it so strongly as to leave no reasonable doubt on the subject. His conversations certainly ran in that circle of wits, some of whom are directly known to have belonged to it; and among them all there was not one whose then acknowledged merits gave him a better title to its privileges. It does not indeed necessarily follow from his facility and plenipotence of wit in writing, that he could shine at those extempore "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar." But, besides the natural inference that way, we have the statement of honest old Aubrey, that "he was very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." Francis Beaumont, who was a prominent member of that jovial senate, and to whom Shirley applies the fine hyperbolism that "he talked a comedy," was born in 1586, and died in 1615. I cannot doubt that he had our Poet, among others, in his eye, when he wrote those celebrated lines to Ben Jonson:

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

In further token of Shakespeare's having belonged to this merry parliament of genius, I must quote from Dr. Thomas Fuller, who, though not born till 1608, was acquainted with some of the old Mermaid wits. In his *Worthies of Warwickshire*, he winds up his account of the Poet thus: "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow, in his performances: Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

It would seem that after the year 1609, or thereabouts, the Poet's reputation did not mount any higher during his life. A new generation of dramatists was then rising into favour, who, with some excellences derived from him, united gross vices of their own, which however were well adapted to captivate the popular mind. Moreover, King James himself, notwithstanding his liberality of patronage, was essentially a man of loose morals and low tastes; and his taking to Shakespeare at first probably grew more from the public voice, or perhaps from Southampton's influence, than from his own preference. Before the Poet's death, we may trace the beginnings of that corruption which, rather stimulated than discouraged by Puritan bigotry and fanaticism, reached its

height some seventy years later; though its course was for a while retarded by King Charles the First, who, whatever else may be said of him, was unquestionably a man of as high and elegant tastes in literature and art as England could boast of in his time.

Shakespeare, however, was by no means so little appreciated in his time as later generations have mainly supposed. No man of that age was held in higher regard for his intellectual gifts; none drew forth more or stronger tributes of applause. Kings, princes, lords, gentlemen, and, what is still better, common people, all united in paying homage to his transcendent genius. The noble lines, already referred to, of Ben Jonson — than whom few men, perhaps none, ever knew better how to judge and how to write on such a theme — indicate how he struck the scholarship of the age. And from the scattered notices of his contemporaries we get, withal, a very complete and very exalted idea of his personal character as a man; although, to be sure, they yield us few facts in regard to his personal history or his actual course of life. How dearly he was held by those who knew him best, is well shown by a passage of Ben Jonson, written long after the Poet's death, and not published till 1640. Honest Ben had been charged with malevolence towards him, and he repelled the charge thus: "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions." And we have similar testimony from John Heminge and Henry Condell, the Poet's friends and fellow-actors, and the Editors of the first folio, in the dedication of which they profess to have collected and published the plays, "without ambition of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare."

A few particulars respecting the Poet's family will bring us to the closing passage of his life. We have already seen that his father died in September, 1601, and his mother just about seven years after. There seems little room for doubt that their latter years were passed under his roof. Joan, his only surviving sister, born in April, 1569, was married to William Hart, of Stratford, a hatter. The marriage probably took place out of Stratford, as there is no note of it in the register. Their first child was christened William, August 28, 1600. Three other children, Mary, Thomas, and Michael, were born to them, respectively, in 1603, 1605, and 1608. Mary Hart died in December, 1607, and her father was buried April 17, 1616, a few days before the Poet. The three surviving children were kindly remembered in their uncle's will, as was also their mother.

The Poet's brother Gilbert lived at Stratford, and appears to have taken some charge of his home affairs. It is not known whether he were married; but the Stratford register enters the burial, February 3, 1612, of "Gilbert Shakespeare, *adolescens*"; who may have been his son. We have a tradition that one of the Poet's brothers lived to a great age. If the tradition be true, it must, as will presently appear, refer to Gilbert, who was born in 1566. Richard, the next brother, born in 1574, was buried at Stratford February 4, 1613. Nothing further is heard of him. It is tolerably certain that Edmund, the youngest brother, born in 1580, became a player. The register of St. Saviour's parish, in which the Globe theatre stood, records the burial of "Edmund Shakespeare, a player," on the 31st of December, 1607. In the low estate of his father's affairs, he had most likely followed his brother's fortune. Nothing more is known of him. — On the 16th of October, 1608, the Poet stood sponsor at the christening, in Stratford, of a boy named William Walker, who is also remembered in his will.

On the 5th of June, 1607, the Poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, then in her twenty-fifth year, was married to Mr. John Hall, of Stratford, a practising physician of good standing. The February following, Shakespeare became a grandfather; Elizabeth, the first and only child of John and Susanna Hall, being baptized on the 21st of that month. It is supposed, and with good reason, that Dr. Hall and his wife lived in the same house with the Poet: she was evidently deep in her father's heart; she is said to have had something of his genius and temper; the house was large enough for them all; nor are there wanting signs of entire affection between Mrs. Hall and her mother. Add to all this the Poet's manifest fondness for children, and his gentle and affable disposition, and we have the elements of a happy family and a cheerful home, such as might well render a good-natured man impatient of the stage. Of the moral and religious spirit and tenour of domestic life at New Place, we are not allowed to know: at a later period, the Shakespeares seem to have been not a little distinguished for works of piety and charity. The chamberlain's accounts show the curious entry, in 1614, of 1*s.* 8*d.* "for one quart of sack and one quart of claret wine, given to a preacher at the New Place." The worshipful corporation of Stratford seem to have been at this time rather addicted to Puritanism, as they could not endure plays within their jurisdiction: why they should thus have volunteered a part towards entertaining the preacher, if he were not minded like them, and why they should have suffered him to put up at New Place, if he were, are matters about which we can only speculate.

On the 10th of February, 1616, Shakespeare saw his youngest daughter, Judith, married to Thomas Quiney, of Stratford, a vintner and wine-merchant. He was a son of the Richard Quiney who requested from the Poet a loan of £30 in 1598, and who died in May, 1602, being at that time

High-Bailiff of Stratford. From the way Shakespeare mentions his daughter's marriage-portion in his will, it is evident that he gave his sanction to the match. Which may be cited as arguing that he had not himself experienced any such evils, as some have been fond of alleging, from the woman being older than the man; for his daughter had four years the start of her husband; she being at the time of her marriage thirty-one, and he twenty-seven.

Shakespeare was still in the meridian of life. There was no special cause, that we know of, why he might not live many years longer. It were vain to conjecture what he would have done, had more years been given him; possibly, instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he would have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had written as our inheritance. For the last two or three years, at least, he seems to have left his pen unused; as if, his own ends once achieved, he set no value on that mighty sceptre with which he since sways so large a portion of mankind. That the motives and ambitions of authorship had little to do in the generation of his works, is evident from the serene carelessness with which he left them to shift for themselves; tossing those wonderful treasures from him as if he thought them good for nothing but to serve the hour.

It was in and for the theatre that his multitudinous genius was developed, and his works produced; there fortune, or rather Providence, had cast his lot. Doubtless it was his nature, in whatever he undertook, to do his best. As an honest and true man, he would, if possible, make the temple of the Drama a noble, a beautiful, and glorious place; and it was while working quietly and unobtrusively in furtherance of this end — building better than he knew — that he approved himself the greatest, wisest, sweetest of men.

William Shakespeare departed this life on the 23d of April, 1616. Two days after, his remains were buried be-

neath the chancel of Trinity Church, in Stratford. The burial took place on the day before the anniversary of his baptism; and it has been commonly believed that his death fell on the anniversary of his birth. If so, he had just entered his fifty-third year.

Thus much, or rather thus little, is about all that we are permitted to know touching the personal history of, probably, the greatest intellect that ever appeared in our world. The materials for a biography of Shakespeare are scanty indeed, and, withal, rather dry. Nevertheless, there is enough, I think, to show, that in all the common dealings of life he was eminently gentle, candid, upright, and judicious; open-hearted, genial, and sweet, in his social intercourses; among his companions and friends, full of playful wit and sprightly grace; kind to the faults of others, severe to his own; quick to discern and acknowledge merit in another, modest and slow of finding it in himself: while, in the smooth and happy marriage, which he seems to have realized, of the highest poetry and art with systematic and successful prudence in business affairs, we have an example of compact and well-rounded practical manhood, such as may justly engage our admiration and respect.

As to the immediate cause or occasion of the Poet's death, we have no information beyond what has been quoted from Ward. Stratford seems to have been rather noted in those days for bad drainage. Garrick tells us that even in his time it was "the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched looking town in all Britain." Epidemics were frequent there in the Poet's time; and not long after his death we hear, from Dr. Hall, of "the new fever," which "invaded many" of the Stratford people: he also mentions, though without stating the time, his having cured Michael Drayton, "an excellent poet," of a tertian ague. Perhaps Drayton was on a visit to his friend Shakespeare at the time; but, as he also

was a Warwickshire man, this cannot be inferred with certainty. The Poet's will was first dated the 25th of January, 1616, but afterward *March* was substituted for *January*. It appears also that his will must have been drawn up before the marriage of his daughter Judith, as he speaks of her only by her maiden name. It seems not unlikely that, being in January doubtfully ill, he may have prepared the document; then, finding himself getting better, he may have over-indulged in some festivity with his friends, which brought on a fatal relapse. The Poet, it is true, begins his will by stating that he makes it "in perfect health and memory": this may have been mere matter of form, or such may have been really the case at the time of writing. But it would seem to have been otherwise at the time of the execution; for several good judges have remarked that the Poet's signatures, of which there are three, in as many different places of the will, appear written with an infirm and unsteady hand, as if his energies were shattered by disease.

During his sickness, the Poet was most likely attended by his son-in-law. Dr. Hall was evidently a man of considerable science and skill in his profession. This appears from certain memoranda which he left, of cases that occurred in his practice. The notes were written in Latin, but were translated from his manuscript, and published by Jonas Cooke in 1657, with the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies." As Dr. Hall did not begin to make notes of his practice till 1617, he furnishes no information touching the Poet.

A copy of the will, as it has been given with great care by Mr. Halliwell from the original, may be found at the end of this *Life;* so that there is no need of presenting any analysis of its contents here. One item, however, must not pass unnoticed: "I give unto my wife the second best bed, with the furniture." As this is the only mention made of

her, the circumstance was for a long time regarded as betraying a strange indifference, or something worse, on the testator's part towards his wife. And on this has hung the main argument that the union was not a happy one. We owe to Mr. Knight an explanation of the matter; which is so simple and decisive, that we can only wonder it was not hit upon before. Shakespeare's property was mostly freehold; and in all this the widow had what is called right of dower fully secured to her by the ordinary operation of English law. As for "the second best bed," it was doubtless the very thing which a loving and beloved wife would be sure to prize above any other article of furniture in the establishment.

In some verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of 1623, allusion is made to Shakespeare's "Stratford monument"; which shows that the monument had been placed in the church before that date. It represents the Poet with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll "The bust," says Wivell, "is fixed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the entablature; above which, and surmounted by a death's-head, are carved his arms, on each side is a small figure in a sitting posture; one holding in his left hand a spade, and the other, whose eyes are closed, with an inverted torch in his left hand, the right resting upon a skull, as symbols of mortality." As originally coloured, the eyes were a light hazel, the hair auburn, the dress a scarlet doublet, and a loose black gown without sleeves thrown over it. In 1748, the colours were carefully restored; but in 1793, Malone, with strange taste, had the whole painted white by a common house-painter. Dugdale informs us that the monument was the work of Gerard Johnson, an eminent sculptor of that period. It was doubtless done at the instance and cost of

Dr. Hall and his wife. A tablet below the bust has the following inscription:

> Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
> Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.
>
> Stay, Passenger, why go'st thou by so fast?
> Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath placed
> Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
> Quick nature died; whose name doth deck this tomb
> Far more than cost; sith all that he hath writ
> Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit.
>
> Obiit Anno Domini 1616,
> Ætatis 53, die 23 April.

As to the lines which tradition ascribes to the Poet as written for his own tomb-stone, there is very little likelihood that he had any thing to do with them. The earliest that we hear of them is in the letter written by Dowdall in 1693: "Near the wall where his monument is erected lieth a plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph, made by himself a little before his death:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust inclosèd here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones!

The writer adds, "Not one, for fear of the curse above-said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." Such is indeed the inscription on a flat stone covering the spot where the Poet's remains are supposed to lie; but there is no name, nor any thing whatever to identify the lines as written either by Shakespeare or for him.

The mortal remains of Anne Shakespeare were laid beside those of her husband, August 8, 1623. A worthy memorial covers the spot, whereon we trace the fitting language of a daughter's love, paying a warm tribute to the religious char-

acter of her who was gone, and clearly inferring that she had "as much of virtue as could die." It is a brass plate set in a stone, and inscribed as follows:

"Here lieth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti,
Væ mihi! pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus ore,
Exeat ut Christi corpus imago tua:
Sed nil vota valent; venias cito, Christe, resurget,
Clausa licet tumulo mater, et astra petet.

Another precious inscription in the chancel of Stratford church was partly erased many years ago to make room for one to Richard Watts, who died in 1707. Fortunately the lines had been preserved by Dugdale. Through the taste and liberality of the Rev. W. Harness, the original inscription has been recently restored, thus:

"Here lieth the body of Susanna, Wife to John Hall, Gent.; the daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. She deceased the 11th of July, Anno 1649, aged 66.

Witty above her sex, but that's not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall:
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss.

Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear
To weep with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.*

* Close beside this inscription is one to her husband, as follows: "Here lieth the body of John Hall, Gent. He married Susanna, the daughter and coheir of Will. Shakespeare, Gent. He deceased November 25, Anno 1635, aged 60." To this are subjoined the following verses:

The first-born of Thomas and Judith Quiney was christened Shakespeare on the 23d of November, just seven months after the death of his grandfather. He was buried May 8, 1617. He was followed by two other children: Richard, baptized February 9, 1618, and buried February 26, 1639; and Thomas, baptized January 23, 1620, and buried January 28, 1639. Their mother was buried the 9th of February, 1662, having lived to the age of 77 years. The time of her husband's death is not known.

The Poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, was married to Mr. Thomas Nash on the 26th of April, 1626, who died April 4, 1647. On the 5th of June, 1649, she was married again to Mr. John Barnard, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Barnard died childless in 1670, and was buried in Abingdon with the family of Sir John. After her decease, the nearest relatives of the Poet living were the descendants of his sister, Joan Hart. At the time of her brother's death, Mrs. Hart was living in one of his Stratford houses, which, with the appurtenances, was by his will secured to her use for life at a nominal rent of 12*d.* She was buried on the 4th of November, 1646. Her descendants, bearing the name of Hart, have continued down to our own time, but, it is said, "not in a position we can contemplate with satisfaction."

The following from Dyce may fitly close this account: "The bust at Stratford, and the engraving by Martin Droeshout on the title-page of the first folio, may be considered

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,
  Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis, qui Nestora vinceret annis,
  In terris omnes, sed rapit æqua dies.
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidessima conjux,
  Et vitæ comitem nunc quoque mortis habet.

The parish register has the following entry of burial: "1635. Nov. 26. Johannes Hall, medicus peritissimus."

as the best-authenticated likenesses of the Poet. The former exhibits him in the act of composition, and enjoying, as it were, the richness of his own conceptions; the latter presents him somewhat younger and thinner, and with a deeply thoughtful air: but a general resemblance may be traced between them. The truthfulness of the engraving is attested by Ben Jonson in the verses which accompany it, and which we are almost bound to accept as the sincere expression of his opinion":

> This figure, that thou here see'st put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the graver had a strife
> With Nature, to out-do the life.
> O, could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass:
> But, since he cannot, reader, look
> Not on his picture, but his book.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

IN THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, LONDON.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix°, annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi Shakespeare.

In the name of God, amen! I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say, First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made. Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease, and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heirs for ever. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she or any issue of her body be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my

will, during which time my executors are to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid; and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the £50 to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said £50 shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and, after her decease, the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease, Provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any after, do sufficiently assure unto her and the issue of her body lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said £150 shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan £20 and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of 12*d.* Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, except my broad silver and gilt bowl, that I now have at the date of this my will. Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell, esquire, five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick in the county of

Warwick, gentleman, thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease, Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler 26*s*. 8*d*. to buy him a ring; to William Raynolds, gent., 26*s*. 8*d*., to buy him a ring; to my godson Wiliam Walker, 20*s*. in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., 26*s*. 8*d*.; and to Mr. John Nash, 26*s*. 8*d*.; and to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, 26*s*. 8*d*. a-piece to buy them rings. Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them in the said county of Warwick. And also all that messuage or tenement with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life, and after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of

her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said nicce Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever. Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture. Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esquire, and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA: COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss. &c. xxij[do]. die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.)

DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the most noble and incomparable pair of Brethren,

WILLIAM, Earl of PEMBROKE, *&c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty,*

and

PHILIP, Earl of MONTGOMERY, *&c., Gentleman of his Majesty's bedchamber;*

Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular good lords.

RIGHT-HONOURABLE:—Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill-fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your Honours sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts when they were acted, as, before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was

our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your Honours by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Honours these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the fault ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know, — to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's-worth, your five-shillings'-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And, though you be a magistrate

of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as, where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much:
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:
These are as some infámous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.
I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age,
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room: *
Thou art a monument without a tomb,

* An allusion to the following lines by William Basse, which are found in Mss. with several variations: they appear to have been first printed in 1633 among the poems of Donne, to whom they were wrongly attributed:

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser; to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb:
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth,

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses, —
I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And, though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. —
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,

Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family. —
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For, though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,—
Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. — Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd and true-filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance. —
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.*

BEN JONSON.

* Upon these superb lines Dyce makes the following just comment: "That a sincere friendship existed between Shakespeare and Jonson will never again be doubted after the excellent memoir of the latter by Gifford; and, indeed, it is surprising that the alleged enmity of Jonson towards Shakespeare should not have had an earlier refutation, especially as Jonson's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimony of his affectionate admiration of Shakespeare. A more glowing eulogy than the verses '*To the Memory of* MY BELOVED, *the Author*, MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,' was never penned."

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which out-live
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, — as Naso said
Of his, — thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrupt stage be sped —
Impossible — with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

LEONARD DIGGES.*

* Leonard Digges, born in London, was educated at University College, Oxford; to which college, after travelling "into several countries," he retired; and died there in 1635. Though a very poor poet, he was a person of considerable accomplishments, as is shown by his translation of Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine*, and of Gonçalo de Cespides's *Gerardo, the unfortunate Spaniard*. He has another and much longer eulogy on Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition of our author's *Poems*, 1640. — DYCE.

To the Memory of Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

WE wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M.*

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenic Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days;
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave—
Death's public tiring-house—the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.†

* Mr. Bolton Corney, in *Notes and Queries*, leaves hardly any doubt that these are the initials of *James Mabbe*, who is described by Wood as "a learned man, good orator, and a facetious conceited wit." He became prebendary of Wells, and died about the year 1642.

† Hugh Holland was a Welshman, who became fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; travelled to Jerusalem, "to do his devotions to the holy sepulchre"; afterwards spent some years at Oxford "for the sake of the public library" there, and "died within the city of Westminster in 1633."—DYCE.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1632.*

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and his Works.*

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is: to see
This truer image and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so, when thou find'st two contrairies,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say—who alone effect such wonders could—
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold

An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;

* The second folio prints the following pieces *in addition to* those that precede.

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepúlchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.*

On worthy Master SHAKESPEARE *and his Poems.*

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,—
Distant a thousand years,—and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty Time, retrieve the Fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where confusèd lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,—
Senseless and soulless shows,—to give a stage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abused, and glad

* The authorship of these lines was ascertained by their appearing in an edition of Milton's Poems published in 1645.

To be abused; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleased in that ruth
At which we start, and by elaborate play
Tortured and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport: —
While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire;
To stir th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves: —
This, and much more which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improved by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd Muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voicèd lady, the most fair
Calliopé, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another, —
Obey'd by all as spouse, but loved as brother, —
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted Spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice;
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purlèd; not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn, —

Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent, — "Death may destroy,"
They say, "his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than Nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-linèd vesture, rich and neat."
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

J. M. S.*

* The authorship of this most intelligent and appreciative strain of commendation has not been fully settled, and probably never will be. Malone conjectured the initials to stand for "Jasper Mayne, *Student*"; and Mr. Bolton Corney pointed out to Dyce some dozen pieces of occasional verse written by Mayne, which, though greatly inferior to this on Shakespeare, yet bear, he thinks, a sufficient resemblance to it in style to warrant a belief in Malone's conjecture. None of the signatures, however, to those pieces give any fair colour to the inference of the letter *S* being put for *Student*; nor do the pieces themselves show any indications of the power displayed in this instance. Singer notes upon the subject as follows: "Conjecture had been vainly employed upon the initials J. M. S., until Mr. Hunter, having occasion to refer to the *Iter Lancastrense*, a poem by *Richard James*, an eminent scholar and antiquary, the friend of Selden and Sir Robert Cotton, was struck with the similarity of style, the same unexpected and abrupt breaks in the middle of the lines, and the same disposition to view every thing under its antiquarian aspect, which we find in these verses; and therefore suggested the great probability that by J. M. S. we must understand JaMeS. Without being at all aware of Mr. Hunter's suggestion, my excellent friend Mr. Lloyd had come to the same conclusion, from having seen some lines by James, printed in Mr. Halliwell's *Essay on the Character of Falstaff*. The coincident opinion of two independent and able authorities would be in itself conclusive; and, for my own part, I have no doubt that it is to *Richard James* these highly poetical lines to the memory of the Poet must be attributed."

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623. One of the twelve plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. All are agreed in regarding it as among the Poet's earliest contributions to the stage; though it is somewhat uncertain whether, of the Comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the original form of *Love's Labours Lost* may not have preceded it. In the *Gesta Grayorum*, 1594, we have the following: "After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors*, like to Plautus's *Menechmus*, was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*." This doubtless refers to the play in hand, and infers it to have been performed at Gray's-Inn in December, 1594. The date of the writing is further approximated from a curious piece of internal evidence. In iii. 2, Dromio of Syracuse, talking of the "kitchen wench" who made love to him, and who was "spherical like globe," so that he "could find out countries in her," in answer to the question, "Where France?" replies, "In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair." Here of course an equivoque was intended between *hair* and *heir*, else there were no apparent point in the jest; and the reference clearly is to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the crown of France in 1589. As this war was on account of Henry's being a Protestant, the English people took great interest in it; in fact, Queen Elizabeth sent several bodies of troops to aid him; so that the allusion would naturally be understood and relished. The war, however, continued several years, until at length Henry embraced the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, in July, 1593.

The general idea or plan of the piece is borrowed from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and made much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants; which, to be sure, greatly heightens the improbability; but, as Schlegel observes, "when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied."

There has been considerable diversity of opinion as to the *immediate* source of the plot. Collier discovered that an old drama entitled *The History of Error* was acted at Hampton Court, January 1, 1577, and probably again at Windsor on Twelfth Night, 1583; and he conjectures the Poet to have taken this as the basis of his comedy, and to have interwoven parts of it with his own matter, especially the doggerel verses. The older play not having been recovered, nor any part of it, we have no means of either refuting or verifying this conjecture. — Another opinion supposes the Poet to have drawn from a free version of the *Menæchmi* published in 1595, as "A pleasant and fine-conceited Comedy, taken out of the most excellent witty poet Plautus." This version, to be sure, did not come out till after *The Comedy of Errors* was written: but then Shakespeare may have seen it in manuscript; for in his preface the translator speaks of having "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of private friends, who in Plautus's own words are not able to understand them." Nevertheless I am far from thinking this to have been the case; there being no such verbal or other resemblances between the two, as, in that case, could scarce have been avoided. The accurate Ritson ascertained that of this version not a single peculiar name or phrase or thought is to be traced in Shakespeare's comedy. On the whole, I cannot discover the slightest objection to supposing, along with Knight and Verplanck, that the Poet may have drawn directly from Plautus himself; the matter common to them both not being such but that it may well enough have been taken by one who had "small Latin."

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin Sons to Ægeon and Æmilia.
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, }
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin Brothers. Servants to the two Former.
DROMIO of Syracuse, }
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.
First Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a Schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her Sister.
LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Ephesus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, ÆGEON, Jailer, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe[1] our laws:

[1] We should say, "I am not *the party* to infringe," or, "I'll *take no part* in infringing." So, in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1, we have "In this I'll be *impartial*"; meaning "I'll *take no part in* this."

The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, —
Who, wanting guilders[2] to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal[3] and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose;[4]
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit[5] the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet 'tis my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,

[2] *Guelder* is the name of a Flemish and of a German coin; the former equal to about thirty-eight cents of our reckoning, the latter to about eighty-seven.

[3] *Mortal* is *deadly* or *fatal.* Commonly so in Shakespeare.

[4] *Dispose* for *disposal* or *disposition.* The Poet has many such shortened forms. So, in iii. 1, of this play we have "within the compass of *suspect*"; that is, *suspicion.* — *Confiscate,* also, for *confiscated.* The Poet has many like shortened preterites, such as *consecrate, dedicate, suffocate, situate,* and *contaminate.*

[5] To *quit,* here, is to *set free from,* or to *release;* much the same as to *acquit.* The Poet has it repeatedly so.

And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.
Ægè. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,[6] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death;
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself — almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear —
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As[7] could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was deliverèd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for[8] their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

[6] Here, as in many other places, *nature* is *natural affection.*

[7] *As* is here equivalent to *that they.* The word was used much more loosely in the Poet's time than it is now.

[8] *For* in the sense of *because* or *for that.* A frequent usage.

Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon
We came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance[9] of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And thus it was, — for other means was none: —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the later-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards[10] Corinth, as we thought.
At length the Sun, gazing upon the Earth,

[9] Shakespeare uses *instance* with various shades of meaning not always easily distinguishable; such as *example*, *motive*, *ground*, *assurance*, *prognostic*, or *warning;* which latter is the meaning here.

[10] *Towards* is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first.

Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discoverèd
Two ships from far making amain[11] to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But, ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our hopeful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdenèd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the other ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
Thus by misfortune was my life prolong'd,

[11] *Amain* is *with strength*, or *strongly;* that is, *swiftly*. So, in Shakespeare, the adjective *main* often means *great* or *mighty*, as in the phrase, "with *main* strength."

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtuned me
That his attendant — for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd[12] his name —
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love[13] to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five Summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean[14] through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that or[15] any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, —
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,[16] —
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

[12] The language, expressed in full, would be "*He was* reft of his brother, but retain'd." The Poet has many like ellipses.

[13] Here *of* stands for the relation of cause: *from* or *out of* a love.

[14] *Clean* is *utterly* or *entirely*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3: "Men may construe things *clean* from the purpose." Also in the 77th Psalm: "Is His mercy *clean* gone for ever?"

[15] *Or — or* for *either — or* is frequent in all English poetry.

[16] *Disannul* for *annul*, though properly meaning just the opposite. So in *Galatians*, iii. 17: "The covenant, that was confirmed before, the law cannot *disannul*."

But, though thou art adjudgèd to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:[17]
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Jailer, now take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and First* Merchant.

1 Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that[1] your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary Sun set in the West.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,[2]

17 The Poet repeatedly uses *beneficial* for *beneficent* or *benevolent.* So that "beneficial help" is assistance rendered *out of charity* or *kindness.*

1 'Lest *that*" is old language for *lest* simply. So we have if *that,* since *that,* though *that,* when *that,* &c., where we should now use only *if, since, though, when,* &c.

2 To *host* for to *lodge.* So again in *All's Well,* iii. 5: "Come, pilgrim, I will bring you where you shall *host.*" In *King Lear,* v. 2, the word occurs as a substantive for *lodging.*— *Centaur* is the name of an inn. And so with *Phœnix* a little further on.

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse[3] the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.[4] [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

1 Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at[5] five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort[6] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

1 Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

[3] The Poet often has *peruse* for *mark* or *observe closely.* So in *Hamlet,* iv. 4: "He, being remiss, most generous, and free from all contriving, will not *peruse* the foils."

[4] *Mean* and *means* were used indifferently. Here *mean* refers to the money. And the sense is, "Many a man, having such a *purse of money* in trust, would *run away.*"

[5] *Soon at* is an old phrase for *about.* So again in iii. 1, of this play: "And *soon at* supper-time I'll visit you." Also in *The Merchant,* ii. 3: "*Soon at* supper shalt thou see Lorenzo."

[6] *Consort* for *accompany* or *attend.* So in *Love's Labours Lost,* ii. 1: "Sweet health and fair desires *consort* your Grace!"

I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds[7] himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.[8] —

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;[9]
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell, —
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;[10]
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray, —
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O, sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

[7] To *spend*, to *consume*, to *destroy* are old meanings of to *confound*. — *Forth* was often used with the sense of *out*.

[8] The almanac of his true date, because they were both born the same day.

[9] A *spit* was an iron rod, to thrust through a fowl, a pig, or a piece of meat, for roasting. The fowl or pig was then placed before the fire, so as to be kept turning; and the one who turned it was called a *turnspit*.

[10] *Stomach* for *appetite*. A frequent usage. Sometimes it means *courage;* that is, an appetite for fighting.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;[11]
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score[12] your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce[13] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks[14] between you both.

11 "In *post*" is in *haste;* going with the speed of a postman.

12 To *score*, as the word is here used, is to *mark;* as accounts were formerly kept by marking the items on a board or a post, or by cutting notches in a stick.—*Maw*, in the next line, is *stomach.*

13 *Sconce* is properly a round fortification; and, from the shape of the thing, the word came to be used of the *head.*

14 A quibble between *mark* as a denomination of value, and *mark* in the ordinary sense. The English mark was equal to 13*s.* 8*d.*, or about $3.25.

If I should pay your Worship[15] those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your Worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Beating him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[16] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:[17]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

15 "Your *Worship*" was in common use as a phrase of deference, meaning somewhat less than "your *Honour*."

16 *O'er-raught* is an old form of *o'er-reached;* here meaning *cheated* or *defrauded.* To *cozen* had the same meaning; hence *cozenage.*— *Villain* and *knave* are used here in the old English sense of *servant* or *thrall.*

17 "Such-like *liberties of sin*" probably means "such-like *persons of sinful liberty*," or of *wicked license.*—A *mountebank* is what we call a *quack;* literally one who mounts a bank or a bench, and brags of his wares or his skill.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of* ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye
But hath his[1] bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

[1] *His* for *its*, the latter not being then an admitted word. Continually so in the Bible; as, "if the salt have lost *his* savour," and, "giveth to every seed *his* own body." In fact, *its* does not once occur in the Bible as printed in 1611.

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other hare?[2]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause;[3]
They can be meek that have no other cause.[4]
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless[5] patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience[6] in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

[2] Meaning, probably, "fly off after some other woman." So in *As You Like It*, iv. 3: "Her love is not the *hare* that I do hunt." Also in *1 King Henry the Fourth*, i. 3: "The blood more stirs, to rouse a lion than to *start a hare*."

[3] Meaning, I suppose, that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet when* she has nothing to fret or disturb her.

[4] "No other cause" here means, apparently, "no cause to be otherwise."

[5] *Helpless* for *unhelping*. The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So in *Lucrece*: "This *helpless* smoke of words doth me no right."

[6] A *fool-begged* patience is a patience so nearly idiotic as to cause the subject of it to be "begged for a fool"; alluding to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools or idiots with a view to get the management of their funds.

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.[7]

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress!*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress.*
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

[7] A quibble between *understand* and *stand under.* So, in *The Two Gentlemen*, ii. 5, Launce says, "Why, *stand-under* and *understand* is all one."

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round [8] with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, — he's master of my state: [9]
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair [10]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[11]

[8] *Round* was much used for *plain-spoken;* hence the quibble here.

[9] *State* for *estate;* a common usage in the Poet's time.

[10] *Fair* is here used as a substantive, for *beauty*. Repeatedly so. — *Defeatures* is *change of features* or *disfigurement.*

[11] It appears that *stale* was sometimes used for *stalking-horse*, that is, a horse painted on stretched canvas, which the hunter carried before him in order to deceive the game till he got near enough to make sure of it.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy, — fie, beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.[12]
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets [13] it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain; —
Would that alone alone [14] he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamellèd
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still
The triers' touch, yet often-touching will
Wear gold: and so a man, that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes. —

Hence it came to signify *pretence*, *mask*, or *cover*. And so here, Adriana probably means that she serves but as a cover for her husband, behind or beneath which he hunts such game as he prefers.

12 *Dispense* seems to be used rather oddly, not to say loosely, here, — in the sense of *put up with;* which, however, comes pretty near one of its old meanings, — *atone for* or *compensate.*

13 *Lets*, here, is the old word, now obsolete, meaning *hinders.*

14 *Alone* repeated in slightly-different senses for the sake of a certain jingle, apparently. So in the Poet's *Lucrece:* "But I *alone alone* must sit and pine."

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.
Dro. S. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon[1] my love,
And make a common[2] of my serious hours.
When the Sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

[1] The Poet several times has *jet upon* in the sense of *encroach upon.* So in *King Richard III.*, ii. 4: "Insulting tyranny begins to *jet upon* the innocent and aweless throne.' Also in the play of *Sir Thomas More*, quoted by Dyce: "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jetted on* by straungers."

[2] *Common* is land unenclosed, and so made free with or used in common by the people, whether for pleasure, play, or pasturage.

If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,[3] and purchase me another dry basting.

[3] Such was thought to be the effect of meats so much done as to be undone. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1, Petruchio sends off the meat

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[4]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?[5]

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.[6]

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.[7]

because "'twas burnt and dried away; and I expressly am forbid to touch it, for it *engenders choler.*"

[4] *Fine and recovery* is the name of an old legal process, now out of use, for testing and assuring the tenure of property. Ritson, a lawyer, describes it as "the strongest assurance known to English law."

[5] *Excrement* from *excrescere, to grow forth*, was used of whatever seems to vegetate from the body, such as hair, beard, and nails.

[6] This expression seems to have been proverbial. It is well illustrated in the following lines, 1656, upon Suckling's *Aglaura*, which was printed in folio:

> This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
> To be like one that hath more hair than head;
> More excrement than body: — trees which sprout
> With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit.

[7] Alluding to the loss of hair by what was called the French disease.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts [8] us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspécts;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

[8] To *waft* is to *beckon with the hand.*

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall[9]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonourèd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;

[9] *Fall* as a transitive verb; *let fall.* Often so.

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit, in all, one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio!

Dro. S. By me!

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,[10]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, — I a vine,[11]
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

[10] An odd use of *exempt*, meaning *parted*, *separated*, or *taken away*. So in a letter from the Earl of Nottingham in favour of Edward Alleyn, cited by Malone: "Situate in a very remote and *exempt* place near Goulding Lane."

[11] So in *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: "Or they led the vine to wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms." Douce remarks that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle[12] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. [*Aside.*] To me she speaks; she means me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land; — O spite of spites! —
We talk with none but goblins, elves, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue, —
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformèd, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn. —
Come, sir, to dinner. — Dromio, keep the gate. —

[12] *Idle* is *unfruitful* or *useless;* as in *Othello*, i. 3: "Of antres vast and deserts *idle*."

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you[13] of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. [*Aside.*] Am I in Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay;
And let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *Before the House of* Antipholus *of Ephesus.*

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus,* Dromio *of Ephesus,* Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,[1]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,[2]

13 "*Shrive* you" is *confess* you, or call on you to confess. To *impose penance* is one part of a confessor's office.

1 A *carcanet* is a *necklace;* later in the play it is called a *chain.*

2 "Would *convince* me *that* he met me on the mart, and that I beat him," is the meaning.

And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house. —
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry,[3] so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here!

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates[4] be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft![5] my door is lock'd. — Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

[3] *Marry* was much used as a general intensive, meaning *indeed, verily, to be sure.* It grew into use from a custom of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary; much the same as *heracle* and *edepol* in Latin; the latter being originally an oath by Castor and Pollux.

[4] *Cates* is an old form for *cakes,* but sometimes used, as here, in the wider sense of *viands* or *food,* especially of *dainties.*

[5] *Soft!* was a common exclamative meaning about the same as *stay, hold,* or *not too fast.*

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![6]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou cónjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[7]

Dro. S. [*Within.*] The porter for this time, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for a face.

[6] All these are old terms of abuse, forming a part of that extensive vocabulary called Billingsgate, which was the name of a place in London where loud and coarse women sold fish. *Mome*, of uncertain origin, comes pretty near *blockhead*. *Malt-horse* is a *brewer's horse*, a dull, dumpish beast. *Capon* is a rooster emasculated, and fatted for the table. *Patch*, applied to the "allowed Fool," on account of motley or *patchwork* dress, came to be used of a natural fool.

[7] *Owe*, a shortened form of *owen*, is *own* or *possess*.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil[8] is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! —
Have at you with a proverb: *Shall I set in my staff?*

Luce. [*Within.*] Have at you with another; that's, *When? can you tell?*

Dro. S. [*Within.*] If thy name be call'd Luce, — Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.[9]

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within.*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help! Well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks[10] in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

[8] *Coil* is *hubbub, rumpus, fuss;* often so used in the Poet's time.

[9] *Luce* is an old name for the fish called *pike;* which seems to be the turning-point of the quibble here. Perhaps the sense of *thrusting with a pike* is implied, as Luce has aptly met proverb with proverb.

[10] "A pair of stocks" was a machine in which certain offenders were fastened by the ankles, for punishment; the offender being forced to sit with his legs in a horizontal position.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[11] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.[12]

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. — Go borrow me a crow.

11 *Part* for *depart;* the two being formerly used indiscriminately.

12 This phrase, now so common, for *tricked, taken in,* or *hoaxed,* is here seen to be as old as Shakespeare's time, at least.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[13]
Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect[14]
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[15] — your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[16] against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger[17] all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposèd by the common rout
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housèd where it gets possession.

[13] This Dromio seems to be in a flux of proverbs. To "pluck a crow together" was a proverbial phrase for *having a quarrel* or *a fight.*

[14] Another instance like that of *dispose.* See page 80, note 4.

[15] *Once this* is plainly equivalent, here, to *this is enough.* So in *Much Ado*, i. 1: "Look, what will serve, is fit: *'tis once* thou lovest; and I will fit thee with the remedy." And in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3: "*Once*, if he do require our voices; we ought not to deny him."

[16] To "*make* the doors" is to *fasten* them. Still so used sometimes.

[17] *Tiger*, like *Centaur* and *Phœnix* before, for the name of an inn.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth,[18] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife — but, I protest, without desert —
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[19]
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow —
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife —
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, from the House, LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs[20] rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

18 One might think this ought to be "in despite of *grief.*" But he probably means that, to *spite* the mirth his wife is having with another man, he will go and be merry with another woman. Heath explains it thus: "Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet, in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry."

19 *Porpentine* is the old form, always used by Shakespeare, for *porcupine.* Here it is the name of an inn. — *By this*, in the line before, is *by this time.*

20 *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young *shoots.* So in *Venus and Adonis:* "This canker that eats up love's tender *spring.*" And in Baret's *Alvearie:* "The *spring*, or young *shoots* that grow out of the stems or roots of trees."

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;[21]
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managéd;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[22] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,[23]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, — what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of[24] mine, —

[21] To "*become* disloyalty" is to *make it look becoming.*

[22] "*Compact* of *credit*" is *composed, framed,* or *made up* of *credulity.* So in *A Midsummer,* v. 1: "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all *compact.*"

[23] *Vain* here means *light of tongue;* speaking falsely or insincerely, as in "the sweet breath of flattery."

[24] *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases. Shakespeare has many instances.

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.[25]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love be light, being drownèd if she sink![26]

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[27] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

[25] It appears that *decline* was sometimes used in the sense of *incline*. So Baret: "To *decline;* to turne, or hang *toward* some place or thing."

[26] *Love* here means the Queen of love, Venus, not her tow-head son. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis:*

> Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
> Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.

[27] A quibble, *mated* being used in the two senses of *matched* and *confounded* or *bewildered*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly in the latter sense.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's Heaven, and my Heaven's claim.[28]
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.[29]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter, from the House, DROMIO *of Syracuse running.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.[30]

28 Meaning, probably, "all the happiness I wish for on Earth, and all that I claim from Heaven hereafter."

29 *Aim thee* sounds harsh, but evidently means *aim at thee;* that is, *seek* thee. So in *Paradise Regained,* iv. 208: "Me nought advantaged, missing *what I aim'd.*"

30 The two forms *beside* and *besides* had not become differentiated into preposition and adverb in Shakespeare's time. Here it is necessary to retain the adverbial form in the prepositional sense, on account of the quibble in the second speech below.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*.[31] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, — a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland Winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,[32] like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why [33] she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

[31] *Sir-reverence* is an old corruption of *salva reverentia* or *save reverence*, a shortened form of "saving your reverence," which was much used as an apologetic phrase for introducing any coarse or profane expression or allusion.

[32] *Swart* or *swarth* is *dark*, *dusky*, or *swarthy*.

[33] *For why* is here a simple equivalent of *because*, or *for the reason that*. The usage was ancient and common, and was fast passing away in the Poet's time; but he has several instances of it. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iii. 1: "If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; *for why* the fools are mad, if left alone." And in the fine old ballad, *My Mind to me a Kingdom Is:* "To none of these I yield as thrall, *for why* my mind despiseth all." Also in *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599: "What time a day is't now? it cannot be imagin'd by the *sunne*, *for why* I have not seene it shine to daie."

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.[34]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with

[34] A quibble, of course, between *hair* and *heir;* alluding to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the crown of France in 1589. — The sense and application of *reverted* are here very obscure, to say the least. The word itself means *turned* or *thrown back.* The arming is, I take it, with the French disease, which made war against the hair in causing baldness. The jest about the disease in question is repeated, *ad nauseam*, in old plays. See Critical Notes.

rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast[35] at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of flint, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.[36]

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

35 *Ballast* for *ballasted*, or furnished with ballast.—A *carack* was a large ship of burden; from the Spanish *caraca*.

36 Dogs were sometimes used for working the wheels of turnspits, when meats were roasted before the fire. See page 87, note 9.

But, lest myself be guilty to [37] self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Re-enter ANGELO *with the Chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus, —
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.[38]
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

[37] *Guilty to* a thing sounds odd; but the Poet has it again in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3: "Th' unthought-on accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do."

[38] That is, "so fair-offer'd a chain," or so fairly offer'd. So in *Love's Labours Lost*, i. 1: "Having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

2 Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing[1] to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's-end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a-year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp[2] up that trusts to you:

[1] *Grow* was sometimes used in the sense of *accrue.*

[2] *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite of *help.*—Of the preceding line, "I buy a thousand pound a-year! I buy a rope!" no satisfactory explanation

You promisèd your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No;
Bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

has been given. Staunton notes, "there may have been an allusion well understood at the time; but which, referring merely to some transitory event, or some popular bye-word of the moment, has passed into oblivion." There is no apparent connection between "buying a thousand pound a-year" and "buying a rope." I can make nothing of it, unless, as the rope is to be used in beating, a poor quibble is intended in *pound;* one of its senses being *poundings.*

I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew,[3] you first begin to brawl.

2 Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me; — the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

2 Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whêr you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave't you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.[4]

2 Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; —
And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. —
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer. —
I would not spare my brother in this case,

[3] In old language, a *shrew* is a *scold;* from *shrewd, sharp-tongued.*

[4] That is, *concerns*, or *is important to*, my credit. The phrase was very common. So Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, 1620: "Tel me your name; for *it stands me very much upon* to know it."

If he should scorn me so apparently.[5]

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. —
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish[6] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[7]

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

[5] *Apparently,* here, is *evidently.* The Poet has *apparent* repeatedly in that sense.

[6] *Peevish* is *foolish* or *mad.* Commonly so in Shakespeare.— A quibble is intended here between *sheep* and *ship,* which appear to have been sounded alike.

[7] *Waftage* is *passage by water* or *on the waves.* — *Hire* is here a dissyllable; spelt *hier* in the original. So *hour,* a little before in this scene: "I gave't you half an *hour* since."

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec.* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. *E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive assuredly in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[1]

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.[2]

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

[1] *Meteors* here probably refers to the Aurora Borealis, which sometimes has the appearance of armies meeting in battle. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533:

> As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close.

[2] This double negative had the force of a strong affirmative. So in *King Richard the Third*, i. 3: "You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformèd, crookèd, old, and sere,[3]
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[4] worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: [5]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

[3] *Sere* is *dry, withered, in decay.* So in *Macbeth*, v. 3: "My way of life is fall'n into the *sere*, the *yellow* leaf."

[4] That is, *marked* by Nature with ugliness, or having a *stigma*, or note of disgrace, set upon it.

[5] This was a common proverbial saying. So in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe:* "You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than Hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment[6] hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, — a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[7]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to Hell.[8]
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.
Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that I can tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

[6] The serjeant's *buff* or *leather* jerkin is called an "everlasting garment," probably because of its durability. So in *1 Henry IV.*, i. 2: "Is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance*?"

[7] To *run counter* and to *draw dry foot* were terms of the chase. The latter was used of a hound that traced the game by the mere scent of the foot; as an animal running over *dry* ground would naturally leave no *visible* footprints. To *run* or *hunt counter* was to course the trail backward, mistaking the direction of the game. A hound that *ran counter* was not likely to *draw dry foot well;* but the two things thus hardly compatible in themselves are here tied together by a quibble upon *counter*, which was the name of one of the London prisons. A sheriff's officer might be said to run counter, inasmuch as he took rogues to the Counter; and he might also be said to draw dry foot well, because the rogues whom he hunted were apt to have their purses empty, or *dry of cash.*

[8] Quibbles, again, both on *judgment* and on *Hell;* the former referring both to the Judgment-day, and to the sentence, *before* which the accused was held in prison for trial. *Hell* was a cant term for the worst dungeon in the prisons of the time.

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. — [*Exit* LUCIANA.
This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt. —
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[9]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing, —
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour[10] meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason![11]

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with the purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,[12] —
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Band* is an old spelling of *bond*, and has to be retained here on account of the quibble.

[10] From this, it seems probable that, as Mr. White observes, *hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so, — *hoor.*

[11] To *talk* or *converse* is among the old senses of to *reason.*

[12] *Conceit* was always used in a good sense, that of *conception, imagination,* or *thought.*

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in [1] his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd? [2]

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob,[3] and 'rests them; he, sir,

1 *In* and *into* were used interchangeably, at least to some extent.

2 Singer's explanation of this queer passage is probably right: "The sergeant is designated by *the picture of old Adam*, because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got* him *new-apparell'd*, that is, got him a new *suit;* in other words, got *rid* of him."

3 *Bob* here means a *stroke* or *clap*. Dromio has already spoken of the sergeant as "a shoulder-clapper." The Poet elsewhere uses *bob* figuratively for *taunt* or *scoff*.

that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest[4] to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[5]

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels[6] that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract,[7] and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessèd power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

[4] *Setting up one's rest* is an old phrase for *resolving* or *making up one's mind* to do a thing. So in *The Merchant*, ii. 2, Launcelot quibbles upon it: "As I have *set up my rest* to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground." Also in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5: "The County Paris hath *set up his rest*, that you shall rest but little."

[5] *Morris-pike* is a corruption of *Moorish pike*, the name of a weapon much used in the sixteenth century.

[6] *Angel* was the name of an English gold coin, worth about ten shillings. The Poet has many allusions to it. So in *The Merchant*, ii. 6: "They have in England a côin that bears the figure of an angel stampèd in gold."

[7] *Distract* for *distracted*, just as, before, *ballast* for *ballasted*. Shakespeare has many such shortened preterites.

Ant. S. It is the Devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the Devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me;* that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo,* light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.[8]

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the pairings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The Devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! — Come, Dromio, let us go.

8 "He that eats with the Devil has need of a long spoon," is an old proverb. Referred to again in *The Tempest.*

Dro. S. *Fly pride,* says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. *S. and* DRO. *S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad, —
Besides this present instance of his rage, —
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and the* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money. —

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Off. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now,[1] hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in[2] nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long 'ears.[3]—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

[1] Shakespeare has *good now* repeatedly with the exact meaning of *well now*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "*Good now*, sit down, and tell me, he that knows," &c.

[2] *Sensitive to* is the meaning. The Poet has *sensible* repeatedly, where we should use sensitive.

[3] A quibble between *ears* and *years*, which were probably sounded much alike, as they still are in some places. So, as the Cambridge Editors note, it appears from what follows.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,[4] *Beware the rope's-end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy![5]

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in Heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressèd soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?[6]

[4] Parrots were specially taught unlucky words; and if any passer-by took offence at these, the owner was wont to say, "Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies." So in *Hudibras*, referring to Ralpho's skill in augury:

> Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
> That speak, and think contráry clean;
> What member 'tis of whom they talk,
> When they cry *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk.*

[5] This *tremor* was thought to be a sure sign of diabolical possession. In *The Tempest*, ii. 2, Caliban says, "Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling*."

[6] A *customer* was a *familiar*, one *accustomed to haunt any place.* So defined in old dictionaries.

Did this companion[7] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I dined at home! — Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[8] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, mistress, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

7 *Companion* was used as a word of contempt, as *fellow* is now.

8 *Perdy* is an ancient corruption of *par Dieu.*

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker now bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damnèd pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, who assist PINCH *in binding them.*

Ant. E. What, will you murder me?—Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. —
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy [9] strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, *The Devil!*

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. —

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and* Assistants *with* ANT. *E. and* DRO. *E.*

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring, —
The ring I saw upon his finger now, —
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it. —
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse and* DROMIO *of Syracuse with their rapiers drawn.*

Luc. God, for Thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,

[9] *Unhappy* here is *mischievous*, that which *causes ill hap;* like the Latin *infelix*. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

To have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* Officer.

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[10] from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you see they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before an Abbey.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I'm sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

2 Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

[10] *Stuff* here means *luggage* or *movables.* So in St. Luke, xvii. 31: "In that day, he which shall be upon the house-top, and his *stuff* in the house, let him not come down to take it away."

2 Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near with me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

2 Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

2 Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

2 Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him,[1] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

1 Get *inside of his blows;* that is, *grapple with him.*

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house![2]
This is some priory: in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *S. and* DRO. *S. into the abbey.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
2 Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour,[3] sad,
And too much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd[4] his affection in unlawful love,—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.

[2] As we still say *take refuge*, and *take sanctuary*.
[3] *Sour* is here a dissyllable, as *hour* and *hire* before.
[4] *Stray'd* is here a causative verb, meaning *misled*, or *made to stray;* a singular use of the word.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:[5]
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom-clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions, —
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her[6] heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough-rude and wildly. —
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

[5] *Copy* here seems to mean *principal topic* or *theme;* that is, the *pattern* or *form* after which the conversation was shaped.

[6] *Her*, referring to *kinsman*, sounds rather ajar; but *kinsman* has merely the sense of *akin*. The Poet elsewhere indulges a like confusion of genders; as in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* o'er my servants, *queen* o'er myself."

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used th' approvèd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man [7] again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit*.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.
2 Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,

[7] A *formal* man is a *rational* man, one whose mind is in *due form*.

The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

2 Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter the DUKE, *attended;* ÆGEON *bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May't please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Who I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important [8] letters,— this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

[8] *Important* for *importunate.* So in *King Lear*, iv. 4: "Therefore great France my mourning and *important* tears hath pitied." — Upon the passage in the text, Malone notes as follows: "Shakespeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the king had in England in the marriage of his wards; who were the heirs of his tenants holding by knight's service, or *in capite*, and were under age;—an interest which Queen Elizabeth exerted on all occasions, as did her successors, till the abolition of the Court of Wards and Liveries. The Poet attributes to the Duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus."

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order[9] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And then his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could. —
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me. —
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[10] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

[9] "Take order" is the old phrase for take *measures*, or make arrangements. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so.

[10] *A-row* is *in succession* or *one after another.*

My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;[11]
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch[12] your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. — Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus and* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee[13] in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there!

11 The hair of fools was cut into *notches* or *nicks*. So in *The Choice of Change*, 1598: "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are shaven and *notched* on the head *like fooles*."

12 To *scotch* is to *score* or *cut slightly*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 2: "We have but *scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it."

13 To *bestride* one when down in battle was considered a high act of service. So, in *1 Henry IV.*, v. 1, Falstaff says to the Prince, "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so; 'tis a point of friendship."

She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abusèd and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots [14] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. — Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! — They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advisèd [15] what I say;
Neither disturbèd with th' effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd [16] with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

[14] *Harlot* was formerly a general term of reproach, applied to certain descriptions of men, as well as to loose women.

[15] *Advisèd*, here, is *circumspect*, *considerate*, or *calmly assured of.* Repeatedly thus.

[16] *Pack'd* is *leagued* or *confederate*. *Pact* is still used for *agreement* or *compact.*

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

2 Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,
As this is false you burden me withal!

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach[17] is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly: —
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir,
He dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. — Go call the Abbess hither. —
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I think you are all mated[18] or stark mad.

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

[17] *Impeach* for *impeachment*, that is, *accusation*. So the Poet has *suspect* for *suspicion* repeatedly; and *dispose* for *disposal* or *disposition*.

[18] *Mated* is *confounded* or *bewildered*. See page 110, note 27.

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now I am Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I'm sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strangè on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changèd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deformèd[19] hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grainèd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses — I cannot err —
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

19 *Deformèd* for *deforming;* the active and passive forms being then often used interchangeably.

Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest t' acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter the Abbess, *with* Antipholus *of Syracuse and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

But by-and-by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story[20] right:
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of the wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E.—Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—[*To* LUC.] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

20 The "morning story" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of the play.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors all arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father has his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renownèd Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes; —
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathizèd one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. —
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd. —
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,[21]
Go to a gossips' feast,[22] and joy with me;
After so long grief, such felicity!

[21] The two Dromios are called the calendars of their masters' nativity because they were born the same day. See page 87, note 8.

[22] "A *gossips*' feast" is, literally, a feast of *sponsors; gossip* being from *God sib*, and *sib* meaning *kin*. Sponsors were wont to have a merry feast togèther after answering at the Font; and such feasts were apt occasions for *gossipping* in our sense of the term. The word is used here because Æmilia has just spoken of her sons as newly born, which implied them to be candidates for baptism.

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, *Sec.* Merchant, ANGELO, *and* Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. — I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *S. and* ANT. *E.*, ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 80. *Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus*
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, &c. — Here, in the second line, the original reads "seene at *any* Syracusian"; *any* being inserted by mistake from the occurrence of the same word just above and just below. Pope's correction.

P. 80. *To quit the penalty and ransom him.* — The original repeats the *to* before *ransom.* Corrected in the second folio.

P. 81. *Happy but for me,*
And by me too, *had not our hap been bad.* — The first folio omits *too,* which was supplied in the second.

P. 81. *And* the *great care of goods at random left.* — The original has "And *he* great care of goods." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 81. *That very hour, and in the self-same inn,*
A meaner *woman was deliverèd*
Of such a burden. — The original reads "A *meane* woman," leaving a gap in the verse; which gap the second folio filled by inserting *poor.* This can hardly be right, as in the next line but one we have "their parents were exceeding *poor.*" Walker says, "Read 'A *meaner* woman'; one of a lower rank than my wife."

P. 82. *And* thus *it was, — for other means was none:* —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat, &c. — So Walker, and rightly, I have no doubt. The old copies, "And *this* it was."

P. 83. *We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;*
Which being violently borne upon,
Our hopeful *ship was splitted in the midst.*—The original has "Our *helpful* ship," which can hardly be right. Rowe changed *helpful* to *helpless*, which is evidently much better. *Hopeful* was proposed by Mr. Swynfen Jervis, and certainly accords well with the context.—In the second line, the first folio has "borne *up*"; the second, "borne *up* upon."

P. 83. *At length*, the other *ship had seized on us.*—So Hanmer; the old copies, "*another* ship." The correction is prompted, and indeed fairly required by the context.

P. 83. Thus *by* misfortune *was my life prolong'd.*—The old text has *That* instead of *Thus*, which is Hanmer's reading.—The original also has *misfortunes*. Corrected by Dyce.

P. 84. *What* hath *befall'n of them and* thee.—So the second folio; the first, "What *have* befalne of them and *they*."

P. 84. *And impórtuned me*
That his attendant—for *his case was like*, &c.—The first folio reads "*so* his case was like." Corrected in the second.

P. 85. *I'll limit thee this day*
To seek thy life *by beneficial help.*—So Pope, followed by Theobald, Hanmer, White, and Dyce, and approved by Walker. Of course the meaning is, "seek *to save* thy life." The old copies read "To seek thy *help* by beneficial help"; which is palpably wrong. Staunton reads "To seek thy *hope*," &c.

P. 85. *Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,*
And live; if not, *then thou art doom'd to die.*—
Jailer, now *take him to thy custody.*—The original has "if *no*"; "a stark error," says Dyce.—In the last line, *now*, wanting in the old copies, is supplied by Hanmer and Collier's second folio. Walker proposes "*Go*, jailer, take," &c. I am not sure but Capell's reading, "*So*, jailer, take," &c., is the best of all.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 90. *Look, when I serve him so, he takes it* ill. — So the second folio; the first, "he takes it *thus*"; a manifest error.

P. 90. Men, *more divine, the* masters *of all these,*
Lords *of all the wide world,* &c. — Instead of *Men, masters,* and *Lords*, the original has *Man, Master,* and *Lord;* a reading which, I believe, no modern editor retains. The last line of the speech but one corrects the error.

P. 91. *How if your husband start some* other hare? — So Johnson proposed to read. The original has "some *otherwhere*." See foot-note 2.

P. 94. *I see the jewel best enamellèd*
Will lose his beauty; and though *gold bides still*
The triers' *touch,* yet *often-touching will*
Wear *gold: and* so a *man, that hath a name,*
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame. — This passage is so crowded with errors in the original, that nothing will do but to quote the old reading *literatim:*

> I see the Jewell best enameled
> Will lose his beautie: *yet the* gold bides still
> *That others* touch, *and* often touching will,
> *Where* gold and no man that hath a name,
> By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Much labour and ingenuity have been spent by divers editors in trying to bring some sort of order and sense out of this confusion and nonsense. I have combined the results of their several labours according to my best judgment. Probably there will never be a full agreement as to how the errors should be corrected. The change of "*That others* touch" to "*The triers'* touch" is Singer's. Heath proposed the reading, "and *so a* man."

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 95. *Your sauciness will* jet *upon my love,*
And make a common of my serious hours. — The original reads "will *jest* upon"; probably, as Dyce observes, from the occurrence of

jest a little before and a little after. The happy correction, for such I deem it, is Dyce's; who notes upon the passage thus: "The second line so obviously leads to the correction which I have now made, that I wonder how it escaped the commentators." See foot-notes 1 and 2.

P. 98. *Nay, not sure, in a thing* falling. — The old copies read "in a thing *falsing*." *Falling* was proposed by Heath, and is adopted by White, who shows conclusively, I think, that *falsing* has no coherence with the context; and asks, as he well may, "in what possible sense is the hair *falsing?*"

P. 98. *The one, to save the money that he spends in* trimming. — So Rowe and Dyce. The original has *trying*, which Pope changed to *tiring*. As Dromio is speaking of the *hair*, *trimming* is evidently more suitable.

P. 98. *Namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.* — So the second folio; the first, "namely *in* no time," &c.

P. 99. *How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,*
That thou art thus *estrangèd from thyself?* — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original reads "That thou art *then* estranged."

P. 99. *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;*
My blood is mingled with the grime *of lust.* — The old copies read "the *crime* of lust." The word *blot*, in the preceding line, makes, as Warburton remarks, strongly in favour of *grime*, which means *stain* or *smut;* and Dyce, who adopts *grime*, notes that "our early printers often confounded the letters *c* and *g* at the beginning of words."

P. 99. *I live* unstain'd, *thou undishonourèd.* — So Hanmer. The original has "I live *distain'd*," which gives just the opposite of the sense required. It seems needful to remark, here, that the form of the letter *v* was very often used for *u* in the Poet's time. Dyce notes that "the manuscript had *vnstain'd*, and the original compositor mistook the initial *v* for *d*." He adds, "The proneness of printers to blunder in words beginning with *v* is very remarkable." And he quotes from various old plays, showing how *daunt* got misprinted for *vaunt*, *times* for *vines*, *sin* for *vein*, *due* for *vice*, *bones* for *vaines*, that is, *veins*, and *oil* for *veil*.

P. 101. *To me she speaks; she* means *me for her theme.* — So Collier's second folio, followed by Singer; the old copies, "she *moves* me for her theme."

P. 101. *Until I know this sure uncertainty,*
I'll entertain the offer'd *fallacy.* — So Capell. The original has "the *free'd* fallacy," which is both nonsensical and unmetrical. *Offer'd* suits the context well, and implies an easier misprint than *proffer'd*, the reading of Collier's second folio. Mr. White prints "the *forcèd* fallacy," which seems to me a rather *forced* reading.

P. 101. *We talk with* none but *goblins,* elves, *and sprites.* — The original here reads "We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Sprights"; the second folio, "We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Elves Sprights." I do not well see what *owls* should have to do in such company. Theobald, seeing the unfitness of that word, printed "with goblins, *ouphs*, and *elvish* sprites." Lettsom, who seems to have thought the same of *owls*, proposed, "We talk with *ghosts and* goblins, *elves* and sprites." Finally, Dyce, to complete the verse, which clearly ought not to be left incomplete, inserted *none but*, in consequence of what Antipholus of Syracuse says in iii. 1, "There's *none but* witches do inhabit here.' Thus the reading in the text has grown into being.

P. 101. *Dromio, thou* drone, *thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!* — Instead of *drone*, the original repeats *Dromio*. Corrected by Theobald.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 104. *Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for* a face. — So Collier's second folio and White. The old copies have "or thy name for *an ass*."

P. 105. *Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope.* — The editors are pretty generally agreed that a line following this, and threatening Luciana with a *rope*, has been lost. A rhyme for *hope* is evidently wanted, and *rope* is just the word for that; and in a later scene Dromio is sent to buy a rope for the purpose which would be thus signified.

P. 106. *Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold.* — So Capell, with manifest propriety. The original reads "Your cake

here is warme within"; *here* having been repeated by mistake from the latter half of the line.

P. 108. *Enter, from the House,* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse. — Here modern editions generally begin a new scene, though there is, confessedly, no change of place. The same thing occurs elsewhere.

P. 108. *Shall love, in* building, *grow so* ruinous? — The original has *buildings* and *ruinate.* The first is against the reason of the passage, the second against the rhyme. As the whole speech is in alternate rhyme, *ruinate* has been rightly changed to *ruinous,* for an ending consonous with *Antipholus* in the second line before. The corrections are Theobald's.

P. 109. *Alas, poor women! make us* but *believe.* — The original has "make us *not* believe." Hardly worth notice.

P. 110. *Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,*
And as a bed *I'll take* them, *and there lie.* — The first folio has *bud* instead of *bed,* which is the reading of the second, while both have *thee* instead of *them.* The latter correction, proposed by Edwards, is adopted by Singer and Dyce. Staunton reads, "And as a *bride* I'll take thee."

P. 110. *Let Love* be *light,* being *drownèd if she sink.* — The original transposes *be* and *being,* which makes the line unintelligible to me. The reading in the text was proposed by Dr. Badham in *Cambridge Essays,* 1856.

P. 111. *Call thyself sister, sweet, for I* aim *thee.* — The original reads "I *am* thee." Corrected by Capell. See foot-note 29.

P. 113. *In her forehead; arm'd and* reverted, *making war against her hair.* — So all the editions that I have consulted, except White's, which changes *reverted* to *revolted.* I am apt to think the change is right; for I can see the sense and application of *revolted* in reference to *France* and her *heir,* though not in reference to the *woman* and her *hair;* while *reverted* is unintelligible to me in either regard. Perhaps *inverted* might give a sense that would fit both sides of the quibble. See foot-note 34.

P. 114. *I think, if my breast had not been made of* flint, *and my heart of* steel, &c. — The old copies have *faith* instead of *flint*, which is Hanmer's reading, and which Dyce considers "a highly probable alteration." The old reading has been explained as alluding to the popular belief that a strong *faith* was a protection against witchcraft. But that explanation seems rather far-fetched: besides, it does not help the discord between *faith* and *steel.*

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 117. You *promisèd your presence and the chain.* — So Dyce. The original has "*I* promised," &c. The correction was suggested by what the same person says a little further on, "*Your* breach of promise to the Porpentine."

P. 118. *Either send the chain, or send* by me *some token.* — So Heath and Collier's second folio; the old copies, "send *me by* some token."

P. 119. *And then she bears away.* — So Capell. The original, "And then *sir* she bears away"; *sir* being palpably either a misprint or an interpolation.

P. 119. *You sent me,* sir, *for a rope's-end as soon.* — Here the original has the converse of that remarked in the preceding note: it omits *sir*, which was supplied by Steevens.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 120. *Mightest thou perceive* assuredly *in his eye*
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no? — So Heath. The old text has *austerely* instead of *assuredly.* Heath justly remarks that "the word *austerly* hath no meaning suited to this place."

P. 120. *Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or* merry. — So Walker and Collier's second folio; the original has *merrily* instead of *merry. Merrily* overfills the verse.

P. 122. *A fiend, a* fury, *pitiless and rough.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio, followed by Singer and Dyce. Instead of *fury,* the old copies have *Fairie;* a palpable error.

P. 122. *But* he's *in a suit of buff which 'rested him.* — Instead of *he's,* the original has simply *is,* which is commonly retained on the ground that the Poet sometimes leaves the pronouns understood. But *he* seems specially needed here as the antecedent of *which.*

P. 123. *If* Time *be in debt and theft.*—The old copies read "If *I* be in debt," &c. Some editors, following Malone, read "If *he* be in debt," *he* referring to Time in the line before. Rowe printed *Time,* which Dyce adopts, noting, withal, that "the word was probably written here contractedly, *T,* which the compositor might easily mistake for *I.*

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 124. *The man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a* bob, *and 'rests them.*—So Hanmer, followed by Dyce. Instead of *bob,* the original has *sob,* which is commonly changed to *fob.* Staunton prints *sop,* and White *stop.* See foot-note 3.

P. 126. *If you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.*—The original has "*or* bespeak a long spoon." Capell changed *or* to *so,* and is followed by Dyce. White prints "expect spoon-meat, *and* bespeak."

P. 126. *Avoid* thee, *fiend!*—The original reads "Avoid *then* fiend." *Then* is commonly changed to *thou;* but, as Dyce remarks, the reading in the text was "the more usual expression" in such cases.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 128. Off. *I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.*—The original assigns this speech to Dromio of Ephesus, in whose mouth it is quite unintelligible. The Cambridge Editors proposed to transfer it to the Officer.

P. 129. *Or rather,* to *prophesy like the parrot,* &c.—The original reads "or rather *the* prophesie like the parrot." From this I can gather no meaning at all. The reading in the text is Dyce's. See foot-note 4.

P. 130. I *dined at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?—I,* at the beginning of this speech, and required by the metre, was inserted by Capell. I am surprised that Singer and White reject it.

P. 131. *God and the rope-maker* now *bear me witness!*—So Collier's second folio, followed by Dyce. The original lacks *now,* which Pope supplied the place of with *do.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 134. *Good sir, draw near* with *me, I'll speak to him.*—The old copies read "draw near *to* me." The change is from Collier's second folio, and seems fairly needful to the sense.

P. 135. *This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,*

And too *much different from the man he was.*—The first folio reads "And much different," &c., which leaves an incredible gap in the verse. The hole was stopped in the second folio by repeating *much;* but I much prefer the reading in the text, which was proposed by Mr. Swynfen Jervis, and is supported by a line in *Richard II.*, ii. 2: "Madam, your Majesty is *too much* sad."

P. 136. *Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue*

But moody, moping, *and dull melancholy?*—The original lacks *moping,*—another incredible gap in the verse. Hanmer supplied the word, which has also been proposed by Heath and Walker.

P. 138. *The place of* death *and sorry execution.*—The original has "The place of *depth,*" which some would still retain! The correction was made by Rowe, and is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 139. *Anon, I wot not by what* strange *escape,*
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And then *his mad attendant and himself,*
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, &c.—In the first of these lines, the original has "what *strong* escape," and in the third, "And *with* his mad attendant." *Strange* is found in Collier's second folio, and was also proposed by Walker, who points out other instances of that word thus misprinted. The correction of *with* to *then* is Ritson's, which I prefer to Capell's *here.* I cannot but wonder that Singer, White, and Dyce should still retain *with;* for, to speak of a man as breaking away from guard, and going *with himself* to do something, seems not far from absurd. Doubtless *with* crept in there by repetition from the next line.

P. 140. *He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,*

To scotch *your face, and to disfigure you.*—The old copies read "To *scorch* your face." Warburton made the correction, which, however, is rejected by many, Singer and White among them. It is remarkable that the old copies have the same misprint in *Macbeth,* iii. 2: "We have *scorch'd* the snake, not kill'd it."

P. 142. *They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,*
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

They *left me.*—So Walker and Collier's second folio, followed by Dyce. The original, "*There* left me."

P. 143. *I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,*

As this is false you burden me withal. — The original reads "the Chaine, so helpe me heaven: *And* this is false," &c. The correction is Dyce's, who still thinks it "absolutely necessary, though Mr. Grant White has pronounced it 'quite needless.'" And he justly quotes from a preceding speech of Adriana's: "So befall my soul, as this is false he burdens me withal."

P. 145. Æge. *If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.* — The original misplaces this speech of Ægeon and Æmilia's reply to it, inserting them between the last two lines of the Duke's following speech. The transposition was made by Capell, and is generally accepted.

P. 146. *Besides her urging of* the *wreck at sea.* — The old copies read "urging of *her* wreck." Some have supposed *her* to be a misprint for *his*. Probably the word got repeated by mistake. The correction is Walker's.

P. 147. *And thereupon these errors* all *arose.* — The old copies have "errors *are* arose." Corrected by Rowe. Staunton prints "these Errors *rare* arose."

P. 147. Twenty-five *years have I but gone in travail*

Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,

My heavy burden ne'er *deliverèd.* — Here, in the first line, the original has "*Thirtie three* yeares." *Twenty-five* is known to be right, because Ægeon has said that he had parted from his son *seven* years before, the latter being then *eighteen*. The correction was made by Theobald. — In the third line, also, the original reads "burthen *are* delivered." We owe the happy emendation to Dyce.

P. 147. *And you the calendars of their nativity,*

Go to a gossips' feast, and joy *with me;*

After so long grief, such felicity! — Here the original has, in the second line, "and *go* with me." The apt correction, *joy*, was proposed by Heath, and is adopted by Singer, White, and Dyce. — In the third line, again, the original has "such *nativity*," thus repeating the word from the end of the first. The correction is Hanmer's. Walker notes upon the passage thus: "For the second *nativity*, read, not as is suggested in the Variorum edition, *festivity*, but *felicity*."

P. 148. *Master, shall I* go *fetch your stuff from ship-board?* — So Walker. The old copies lack *go*.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623. Also mentioned by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Beyond this, we have no external indication as to the date of composition; though the internal evidence, of style, diction, dramatic structure, and delineation of character, is conclusive of its having been among the earliest-written of Shakespeare's comedies.

No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was put upon the stage, for Shakespeare had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet; but, if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of the performance, as we have in the case of so many others. Notwithstanding its superiority to most of the plays then in use from other hands, its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements may have made it less popular in that most action-loving age than many far below it in all other respects.

No novel or romance has been found, to which the Poet could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of this play. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the *Diana* of George Montemayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English translation by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The *Diana* is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do

nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine:

"My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to Court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure, I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and engaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me."

Though Yonge's version of the *Diana* was not published till 1598, the story was generally well known before that time; parts of it were translated in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590; and there is reason to think that the *History of Felix and Philiomena*, which was acted at Court as far back as 1582, was a play partly founded on the story of *Felix and Felismena*. So that, Shakespeare being admitted to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But, indeed, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws; for which the Poet has been written down as indebted to Sidney's *Arcadia*.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, Rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia.
SPEED, Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, Servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
Host to Julia in Milan.
Outlaws.

SILVIA, beloved by Valentine.
JULIA, a Lady of Verona.
LUCETTA, her Waiting-woman.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—*In Verona; in Milan; and in a forest near Milan.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Verona. An open Place in the City.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.[1]
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,

1 Milton has a similar play upon words in his *Comus:* "It is for *homely* features to keep *home;* they had their name thence."

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[2]
But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,[3] Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; and you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.[4]

Val. No,
I will not, for it boots not.

Pro. What?

[2] *Shapeless* in the active sense of *unshaping;* as idleness does nothing towards *shaping* the mind and character. So the Poet has *helpless* repeatedly for *unhelping* or *affording no help.*

[3] A *beadsman* is one bound or pledged to pray for another's welfare. *Bead,* in fact, is Anglo-Saxon for *prayer,* and so for the small wooden balls which are strung together in what is called a *rosary,* and one of which is dropped down the string as often as a prayer is said. Hence the name, if not the thing, "a string of beads." Not the only instance of piety turned to account as an ornament or a beautifier.

[4] An old proverbial phrase, meaning "Don't make me a laughing-stock." The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne;* which Cotgrave interprets, "*To give one the boots;* to sell him a bargain"; or, as we say, "to *sell* him."

Val. To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why, then a grievous labour won;
However,[5] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.
Pro. So, by your circumstance,[6] you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters

5 *However* here has the force of *at all events* or *in either case*.

6 The Poet sometimes uses *circumstance* in the sense of *circumlocution* or *circumstantial inference*. In the next line it means *conduct*. This play abounds in such quirks of thought.

Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love. —
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Make wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t' embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep[7] in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.[8]

[7] It appears from this that *ship* and *sheep* were pronounced alike.

[8] "I will try very hard rather than fail to prove it by another." "It shall go hard but" is an old phrase repeatedly used thus by Shakespeare. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 1: "The villainy you teach me I will execute; and *it shall go hard but* I will better the instruction"; evidently meaning, "I will work

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *baa.*

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton,[9] gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, — a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*Nodding.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod, Ay? — why, that's noddy.[10]

mighty hard rather than fail to surpass my teachers." And in *Hamlet*, iii. 4: "It shall go hard but I will delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the Moon."

[9] *Laced mutton* was a cant term for a courtezan. So in Delany's *Thomas of Reading:* "No meat pleased him so well as *mutton*, such as was *laced* in a red petticoat." As courtesans are fond of finery, Dyce thinks that "Speed applies the term to Julia in the much less offensive sense of — *a richly-attired piece of woman's flesh.*"

[10] The poor quibble is more apparent in the original where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle *ay* is printed *I.* *Noddy* was a game at cards; applied to a person, the word meant *fool;* Noddy being the name of what is commonly called the Jack.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word *noddy* for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. [*Giving him money.*] What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and, being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.[11] Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as *Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;[12]

[11] The meaning appears to be, "Since she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you, whose mind I bore, when you address her *in person.*" The antithesis, as Malone observes, is between *brought* and *telling.*

[12] "You have given me a *testern.*" *Testern* or *tester* was the name of a coin of sixpence value, so called from having a *teste*, head, stamped on it.

in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore. — [*Exit* SPEED.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Garden of* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle [1] encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow-simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but, of himself, so-so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,

[1] *Parle* is *parley*, that is, *talk*. The Poet has it repeatedly; as in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "So frowned he once, when, in an angry *parle*, he smote the sledded Polacks," &c.

Should censure [2] thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus, — of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire [3] that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam. [*Gives a letter.*
Jul. [*Reads.*] *To Julia.* — Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! [4]
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

[2] *Censure* was continually used thus in the sense of *judging* or *passing judgment.* — The next line gives an instance of *on* and *of* used interchangeably. The Poet has many such.

[3] *Fire* is here a dissyllable. This and various other words, as *hour, power, flower, dower, your, towards,* &c., are used by the Poet as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse.

[4] *Broker* was often used for a *match-maker* or *go-between;* one that *broke the ice* between bashful lovers.

And you an officer fit for the place!
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she,[5] that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,

[5] To express the sense of this passage, we should say, "What *a* fool she is!" The Poet repeatedly omits the article in such exclamative clauses. So in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5: "What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!" And in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3: "Cassius, what night is this!" Sometimes, as in the text, the original marks such omissions with an apostrophe, thus: "What ' fool is she!"

That you might kill your stomach[6] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?[7]

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie[8] where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.[9]

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' Love.*

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song [*Taking the letter*]. Why, how now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

6 *Stomach* in the double sense of *hunger* and *anger*. *Pride, courage,* and *resentment* are also among the meanings of *stomach.*

7 *Gingerly* is *nicely, cautiously.* To touch a thing *gingerly,* is to touch it as if it burnt the fingers.

8 A quibble upon *lie,* which is here used in the sense of *speaking falsely.*

9 Meaning *set it to music.* In the next line, Julia plays upon the word, taking it in the sense of *set by* or *make account of.* In reference to what follows, about *Light o' Love,* see *Much Ado,* iii. 4.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.[10]
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base[11] for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me: —
Here is a coil[12] with protestation! — [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ *Kind Julia*: — Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ *Love-wounded Proteus*: —

[10] *Descant* was sometimes used, apparently, for what we call variations. But it was also used in other senses; and here it seems to mean *harmony*, or music in parts, as distinguished from simple melody or solo. As Mr. White observes, "Lucetta's terms, *sharp*, *flat*, *mar the concord*, show that she used *descant* because she and her mistress were at discord, and *descant* meant a performance in strict harmony." — *Mean* was used for the intermediate part between the treble and the tenor; so named because it served as a mean or harmonizing medium. — This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time."

[11] Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base* or *prison-base*, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.

[12] *Coil* was much used for *stir*, *bustle*, or *fuss*. See page 105, note 8.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly[13] heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was *Proteus* written down: —
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a raggèd, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea! —
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
Poor fórlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia: — that I'll tear away; —
And yet I will not, sith[14] so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for[15] catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind[16] to them.

13 *Throughly* and *thoroughly* are but different forms of the same word, and were used interchangeably.

14 *Sith* is an old form of *since*, and was fast giving place to the latter in Shakespeare's time.—*Names*, in the next line, refers, apparently, to the *repetition* of the name, with the epithets *poor*, *forlorn*, and *passionate*.

15 *For* was much used in the sense of *because of* or *on account of*. So that "*for* catching cold" means "*because* they will catch cold," or "lest they catch cold."

16 "A month's mind" is an old phrase for an *eager desire* or *longing*. So in Ben Johnson's *Magnetic Lady:* "I have *a month's mind* to peep a little too." And in *Hudibras:* "For, if a trumpet sound or drum beat, who

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[1] talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment[2] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,

hath not *a month's mind* to a combat?" In its origin the phrase probably referred to a woman's longing in the first month of pregnancy.

[1] *Sad* was continually used for *grave*, *serious*, or *earnest*.

[2] *Impeachment* here is *reproach* or *disqualification*.

And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's Court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And — in good time! — now will we break with him.[3]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

[3] To *break with* any one formerly meant to *break* or *open* a matter *to* him. Shakespeare has it thus repeatedly. — "In *good* time" is the same as our phrase, "In the *nick* of time."

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily gracèd by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the Emperor's Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition [4] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PAN.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

[4] *Exhibition* is allowance of money; still used so in the English Universities.

O, how this Spring of love resembleth[5]
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the Sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is, — my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Milan. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. [*Picking up a glove.*] Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]
Val. Ha, let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: —
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. [*Calling.*] Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah!
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your Worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

[5] *Resembleth* is here meant to be a word of four syllables, as if it were spelt *resembeleth.*

[1] *On* and *one* were formerly sounded alike, and sometimes written so. That is the ground of the poor quibble here.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to,[2] sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your Worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[3] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[4] You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are so metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me! they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without[5] you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine

[2] *Go to* is a phrase met with continually in old colloquial English; often meaning *hush up*, sometimes *come on*, and sometimes carrying a sense not easy to define; somewhat like the Latin *age*.

[3] To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

[4] The feast of All-hallows or All Saints, at which time the poor in some places used to go from parish to parish *a-souling*, as they called it; that is, *begging* and *puling*, (or singing small, as Bailey explains *puling*,) for soul-cakes, and singing what they called the souler's song. All which means that the beggars were to pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

[5] Speed is punning with all his speed. Here, *without* is *unless*. His first *without* is meant in the sense of *exterior*, or *on the outside;* and Valentine takes it in the sense of *absence*, or *without my presence*.

through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd![6]

[6] So, in *As You Like It*, iii. 2, Rosalind mentions going ungartered as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your *hose* should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity:
For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;
And you, being in love, cannot see to beyond your nose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set;[7] so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O excellent motion![8] O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows!

Speed. [*Aside.*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

[7] *Set* for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* of the preceding line. An allusion seems implied also to the setting of the Sun, as the Sun then ceases to shine.

[8] *Motion* was used of a *puppet-show*, and the showman was called the *interpreter*. Speed means, "What a fine puppet-show we shall have now! Here is the principal puppet, and my master will act as showman."

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet —
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name't; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another *yet.*
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly[9] writ:
But, since unwillingly, take them again; —
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam! what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

[9] *Quaint* and *quaintly* are used by Shakespeare very much like the Latin *comptus*, from which the words are probably derived; in the sense of *artful*, *ingenious*, *elegant*.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or, fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print,[10] for in print I found it. — Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air,[11] I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Verona. The Garden of* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this. [*Gives her another.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next-ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;

10 To *speak in print* is to speak with *precision*, or, as Hamlet says, "by the card." Speed is quibbling still, having probably found the lines in some *printed* ballad.

11 Upon this, Staunton quotes from *The World in the Moon*, 1697: "Oh Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love! Canst feed upon a thought! live upon hopes! feast upon a look! fatten upon a smile! and surfeit and die upon a kiss! What a Cameleon lover is a Platonick!"

The tide is now : — nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should :
Julia, farewell ! — [*Exit* JULIA.
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go ; I come, I come : —
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a Dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's Court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.[1] Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father ; — no, this left shoe is my father ; — no, no, this left shoe is my mother ; — nay, that cannot be so neither ; — yes, it is so, it is so, — it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father ; a vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is

[1] *Part*, verb, was very often used for *depart*. Shakespeare has it so in almost numberless places.

my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so.[2] Now come I to my father: *Father, your blessing!* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father: well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother; — O, that the shoe could speak now like a wood[3] woman! — well, I kiss her; — why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down.[4] Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, — Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In my tail!

[2] Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him.

[3] *Wood* is an old word for *frantic* or *mad;* the speaker meaning that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son.

[4] *Up and down* is an old phrase meaning *exactly*, or *to perfection*.

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied ![5] Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Milan. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant, —

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[1] you my folly?

[5] The first, *tide*, refers to the river, the last, *tied*, to the dog. The original spells *tide* and *tied* the same way, *tide;* which makes the quibble more obvious to the eye.

[1] To *quote* is to *mark* or *observe;* formerly pronounced and often written *cote:* hence used as the pivot of a quibble in the next line.

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then I'll double your folly.

Thu. How!

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, — for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. —
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth[2] and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, — for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow, —
He is complete in feature[3] and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me,[4] sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

[2] *Worth* is repeatedly used by the Poet for *wealth;* nor is the usage peculiar to him. Walker thinks it a misprint for *wealth* here; but this play especially delights in the jingle of consonous words in discrepant senses; as a few speeches later: "With all good *grace* to *grace* a gentleman."

[3] *Feature* here refers to the *form*, *figure*, or *person* in general. Shakespeare has it so a number of times. And so Spenser: "Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

[4] *Beshrew me* was much used as a petty adjuration.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio: —
For Valentine, I need not cite[5] him to it.
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentlemen I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! — Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disabilty: —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

[5] *Cite*, commonly '*cite* for *incite*, is itself a full legitimate word, from the Latin *cieo*, meaning to *excite*, *rouse*, or *put in motion*. To *quote*, *mention*, *call upon* are secondary meanings of the same original words, as they also are of its Latin derivative *cito*.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. — [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love:
Those high-imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthrallèd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to[6] his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on Earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her:[7] if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[8]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the Earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

[6] *To* for *compared to* or *in comparison with;* an old and frequent use of the word. So in an old ballad: "There is no comfort in the world *to* women that are kind." And a little later in this scene: "All I can is nothing *to* her, whose worth," &c.

[7] "Speak the truth *of* her." Shakespeare has *by* repeatedly thus. So in *The Merchant*, i. 2: "How say you *by* the French lord?"

[8] A *principality* is an angel of a high order.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing:
She is alone.
Pro. Why, then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for[9] his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay,
And we're betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[10] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend on you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.— [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

[9] *For* in the sense of *because;* a usage now nearly or quite obsolete, even in poetry, but very common in the old writers. The Poet has it often. So in *The Merchant*, i. 3: "I hate him *for* he is a Christian."

[10] The *haven* where the ships lie at anchor.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love, —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too-too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[11]
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture [12] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled [13] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.[14]
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

[11] *Advice* for *acquaintance* or *knowledge;* a common use of the word, as also of the verb *advise*, in old writers. So in *Cymbeline*, i. 2: "Make yourself some comfort out of your best *advice*." And Bacon says that judges ought to be "more *advised* than confident."

[12] The Poet has been censured for making Proteus say he has but seen the *picture* of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. But this is making a blunder, not finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is *as though* he had but seen her picture.

[13] *Dazzled* is here meant to be a trisyllable, as in the case of *resembleth*, mentioned before, page 176, note 5.

[14] "No *cause* that *will keep me from being* blind."

SCENE V. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, — that a man is never undone till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, *Welcome.*

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry,[1] after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

[1] *Marry* is an old colloquial intensive, occurring continually in Shakespeare and the other dramatists of that age; much like the Latin *heracle* and *edepol.* See page 103, note 3.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou,[2] that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale[3] with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *The Same. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;

[2] "What do you say to this?" So in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "*How say'st thou*, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?" meaning, "What do you say to this *fact* or *circumstance?*"

[3] Another quibble; *ale* being the name of an old Church festival, to which, as Launce thinks, none but a Jew would refuse to go.

And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,[1]
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave[2] to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,—
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,

[1] "If thou hast sinn'd," provided the reading be right, must mean, "If thou has sinn'd in causing or *tempting* me to sin."—*Sweet-suggesting* is *sweetly-tempting*, an old and common use of *suggest.*

[2] *Leave* for *cease* or *desist.* The Poet has it repeatedly. So in *2 Henry VI.*, iii. 2: "You bade me ban, and will you bid me *leave?*" And in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had *left* the flushing in her gallèd eyes, she married."

Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel his competitor:[3]
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended[4] flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift![5] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. — *Verona. A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do cónjure[1] thee, —
Who art the table[2] wherein all my thoughts

[3] *Competitor* in its old sense of *associate* or *partner*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 1: "That thou, my brother, my *competitor* in top of all design, my *mate* in empire, *friend* and *companion* in the front of war." — *In counsel* is *in secret*. Often so.

[4] Here *pretended* means *intended*, as the word was very often used in Shakespeare's time. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 2: "Alas the day! what good could they *pretend?*" And in the same scene we have *pretence* used for *purpose* or *intention*: "Against the undivulged *pretence* I fight of treasonous malice."

[5] *Drift* here is *course of action*, *device*, or *stratagem*. So, again, in iv. 2, of this play: "I will so plead, that you shall say my cunning *drift* excels."

[1] In Shakespeare's time the two ways of pronouncing this word, *cónjure* and *conjúre*, had not become appropriated to different senses. Here *cónjure* has the sense of *earnestly entreat*. Elsewhere the Poet has *conjúre* in the sense of *practising magic*.

[2] *Table* for *case* or *book of tablets*, such as were carried in the pocket to note down *memoranda*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 5: "From the *table* of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond recórds." And again: "My *tables*: meet it is I set it down, that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Are visibly charácter'd and engraved, —
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms[3] with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's[4] éxtreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hinderéd,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,

[3] Alluding to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious devotees, often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a pilgrimage from England to either of those shrines, was deemed proof that the person was in earnest.

[4] *Fire* again as a dissyllable. See page 168, note 3.

With willing sport, to the wide ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as — *Tell me, good my lord,*
What compass will you wear your farthingale?[5]
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece,[6]
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

[5] The farthingale, Mr. Fairholt tells us, was originally a broad roll, which made the person full about the hips. It came to be applied to the gown so widened. — WHITE.

[6] *Codpiece* was the coarse name formerly given to a certain part of a man's nether garment. The name seems to have passed out of use long ago; the thing, unsightly as it was, continued in use till a recent period.

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances o' the infinite of love,[7]
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[8]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

[7] *Infinite* for *infinity.* So, in *Much Ado,* ii. 3, we have, "It is past the *infinite* of thought." And in Chaucer: "Although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time."

[8] "My *longing* journey," if such be the right text, seems to mean "the journey that I *long* to be making." Or it may mean "the journey that I shall make with continual longing to be at the end of it." See Critical Notes.—*Dispose,* in the next line, is for *disposal.* Repeatedly so. See page 80, note 4.

My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu therof,[9] dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Ante-room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.— [*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And, should she thus be stol'n away from you,

[9] The phrase "in *lieu* of" formerly meant *in return for*, or *in consideration of.* So in Hooker's *Eccle. Pol.*, i. xi. 5: "But be it that God of His great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man's endeavours to bestow the same." And in Spenser's dedication of his *Four Hymns:* "Beseeching you to accept this my humble service *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me."

It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless[1] grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my Court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[2] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man, —
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, —
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[3]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;

1 *Timeless* for *untimely.* Repeatedly thus. So in *Romeo and Juliet,* v. 3: "Poison, I see, hath been his *timeless* end." And in *Richard II.,* iv. 1: "Who perform'd the bloody office of his *timeless* end."

2 *Aim,* here, is *guess;* a common use of the word. So in *Julius Cæsar,* i. 2: "What you would work me to, I have some *aim.*" And in *Romeo and Juliet,* i. 1: "I *aim'd* so near, when I supposed you loved." Also, in the next speech: "That my discovery be not *aimèd* at."

3 *Suggested* for *tempted.* See page 195, note 1.

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimèd at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[4]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile:
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

[4] *Pretence* for *purpose* or *design.* See page 196, note 4.

Upon advice,[5] hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[6] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my agèd eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,)
How, and which way, I may bestow[7] myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:

[5] "Upon *advice*" here has the sense of *deliberately* or *after careful weighing*. So in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1: "Yet did repent me, after more *advice*." And in *The Merchant*, iv. 2: "My Lord Bassanio, upon more *advice*, hath sent you here this ring." See page 192, note 11.

[6] *Where* was, just before Shakespeare's time, continually used for *whereas*. He has it thus in divers places, though the usage was fast dying out.—In the next line, *should* for *would*, in accordance with the old undifferentiated use of *could*, *should*, and *would*.

[7] The Poet repeatedly has *bestow* in the sense of *behave*. So in *As You Like It*, iv. 3: "The boy is fair, of female favour, but *bestows* himself like a right forester."

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why the fools are mad,[8] if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away!*
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces:
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets[9] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

[8] *For why*, as Dyce amply shows, was often used with the simple force of *because* or *for the reason that.* Shakespeare has it thus repeatedly. So also in *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1622: "If thou art resolv'd, I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes, *for why* the deed is meritorious." — White prints the passage in the text, "For why! — the fools are mad." Some others print, "For why, the fools are mad." Both evidently wrong; there should be no point after *why.* This reminds me that the phrase is wrongly printed in the *Psalter*, wherever it occurs; at least in all the editions that I have seen. Thus in Psalm xvi. 10, 11: "Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced: my flesh also shall rest in hope: *for why?* thou shalt not leave my soul in hell," &c. Here the logic clearly requires the sense of *because* or *for;* as the Bible version has it: "*For* thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." And so the *Psalter* ought evidently to be printed "for why thou shalt not," &c. See page 112, note 33.

[9] Here *lets* is the old word, now out of use, meaning to *hinder.* So in the Collect for the 4th Sunday in Advent: "Whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore *let* and *hindered* in running the race that is set before us," &c.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[Reads.] *My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curse the Grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëthon, — for thou art Merops' son,[10] —
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal Court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

[10] The Duke probably calls him Merops' son by way of reproach. Phaëthon was the son of Phœbus the Sun-god by the Oceanid Clymene, wife of Merops. According to Ovid, some slighted his high pretensions, as thinking him the son of his mother's husband. The youth took this so hard, that he must needs go to Phœbus, and beg the favour of being allowed to drive his team for one day, as a formal and public recognition of him in the character he was so proud of. Phœbus, in a gush of fatherly affection, granted his prayer, before he knew what it was to be, and swore by Styx, so that he could not recede from the promise. Phaëthon made a bad job of it, as his father had feared he would; getting the world so out of order through his ambitious incompetency, — for his father's horses were mighty high-strung, — that Jupiter had to knock him over with a thunderbolt.

Is self from self, — a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave[11] to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly[12] this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho, so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair[13] on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

11 *Leave*, again, for *cease*. See page 195, note 2.

12 *To fly*, here, means the same as *by flying;* an instance of the infinitive used *gerundively*, or like the Latin *gerund*. We have three instances of the same usage in as many consecutive lines, in ii. 6: "*To leave* my Julia," — "*To love* fair Silvia," — and "*To wrong* my friend."

13 Punning still. Launce is running down the *hare* he started at his entrance.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you, —
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. — Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.
Pro. That thou art banishèd — O, that's the news! —
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom —
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxèd pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the Nórth-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. — Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! — Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one in love. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse' shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a

woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;[14] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,— which is much in a bare[15] Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. *Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item: She can milk.* Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

14 Another quibble. *Gossips* signifies not only sponsors in baptism, but the talkative women who attend lyings-in. How the word acquired its present meaning, has been stated before. See page 147, note 22.

15 Still quibbling. *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked:* Launce uses it in both, opposing the *naked* person to the water-spaniel *thickly covered with hair.*

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed![16]

Speed. [Reads] *Item: She can milk.*

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item: She brews good ale.*

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. *Item: She can sew.*

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. *Item: She can knit.*

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?[17]

Speed. *Item: She can wash and scour.*

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item: She can spin.*

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item: She hath many nameless virtues.*

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item: She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

16 Saint Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which character he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's school, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the Cathedral on the anniversary of Saint Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron.

17 The last *stock* means *stocking;* the other, *dower*, or stock of *goods*, probably.

Speed. *Item: She hath a sweet mouth.*[18]

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. *Item: She doth talk in her sleep.*

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item: She is slow in words.*

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. *Item: She is proud.*

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item: She hath no teeth.*

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. *Item: She is curst.*[19]

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item: She will often praise her liquor.*

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. *Item: She is too liberal.*[20]

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. *Item: She hath more hair than wit,"* —

18 "Sweet *mouth*" for sweet *tooth;* that is, a great fondness for sweetmeats and dainty bits. Launce, in his comment, chooses to take the phrase literally.

19 *Curst* is *shrewish* or *sharp-tongued;* used of a *scold.*

20 *Too liberal* here means free beyond the allowings of modesty. *Liberal* was often used thus for *licentious.*

Launce. More hair than wit, — it may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt,[21] and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. — *and more faults than hairs,* —

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. — *and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me!

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter, — an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

[21] The saltcellar was formerly a large piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the table, and that near the head; above it, the seats of honour.

That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's[1] heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee —
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert —
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, —
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

1 *Hour* is here a dissylable. See page 135, note 3. — *Trenchèd* is *cut* or *carved.*

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance[2] be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very[3] friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this wean her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom[4] it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

[2] *Circumstance* for *circumstantial detail;* that is, *instances* or *facts* alleged in proof.

[3] *Very* in the Latin sense of *verus; true.* So one of Massinger's plays is entitled *A* Very *Woman.*

[4] *Bottom* is the old housewife's term for that on which a ball of yarn or thread is wound.

When you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: —
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime[5] to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of Heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling lines
That may discover such integrity:[6]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort;[7] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump:[8] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[9]
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

[5] *Lime*, or *bird-lime*, was originally a sticky substance, spread where birds were apt to light, so as to hold them by the feet; but the word came to be used for any sort of snare.

[6] Such *sincerity* as is shown by impassioned writing. *Integrity* in its original sense, — the sense of *entireness* or *wholeheartedness*.

[7] *Consort*, according to Bullokar and Phillips, meant "a set or company of musicians."

[8] *Dump* is an old term for a *mournful elegy*.

[9] To *inherit* was sometimes used for to *get possession of*, without any idea of inheritance. So Milton, in his *Comus*, has "*disinherit* Chaos"; meaning simply to *dispossess* it.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[10] some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[11] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Forest near Milan.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. O, sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 Out. That's not so, sir, — we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper[1] man.

[10] To *sort* was much used for to *choose* or *select.*

[11] Will *excuse* you; release you from attending me.

[1] *Proper* was used for *handsome, well-proportioned.* Valentine is a man of fine presence.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crookèd fortune had not thwarted me.
1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
2 Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[2]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
1 Out. We'll have him: — Sir, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

[2] Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew; that ancient specimen of clerical boldness and plumpness and jollity; of whom Drayton says,

> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade.

Val. Peace, villain!
2 Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:[3]
Myself was from Verona banishèd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near-allied unto the Duke.
2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,[4] I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 Out. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality[5] much want, —
2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

[3] "*Awful* men" are men *full of awe* for just authority; men who reverence the laws and usages of society. So Milton, in his *Hymn of the Nativity:*

And kings sat still with *awful* eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

[4] In a fit of anger or resentment. A *moody* man is still a man liable to storms of passion.

[5] *Quality* here is *profession* or *occupation.* So in *Hamlet,* ii. 2: "Will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?"

1 Out. But, if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly[6] women or poor passengers.
3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. The Court of the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,[1]
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[2]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

6 *Silly* here is a word of tenderness, not of reproach; as denoting a character of innocence and simplicity. So, in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4, we have *silly sooth* for *simple truth.* Such appears to be the primitive sense of the word.

1 *Holy* in the sense of *upright* and *pure;* a frequent usage of the word in Shakespeare.

2 A *quip* is a *biting taunt* or *retort.* So in *Much Ado*, ii. 3: "Shall *quips* and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?"

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. — Now, Gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholy: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The Heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! you're sadder than you were before:
How do you, man? the music likes you not.[3]

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit,—when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

[3] That is, "the music *pleases* you not," or, "you like not the music"; an old form of speech occurring frequently in Shakespeare, and by no means peculiar to him. In the next line Julia plays upon the word, using it in its ordinary sense.

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.[4]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.[5]

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and* Musicians.

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who's that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

4 "Out of all *nick*" is beyond all *reckoning*. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. So in *A Woman never Vexed:* "I have carried these tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*." It is not so very long since this method was laid aside in the English Exchequer; doubtless because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick.*

5 This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief ascribed mysterious virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, though perhaps with different feelings. I hold in memory a very dear and saintly man who used to derive his name from such a well, with a cross to mark the spot,— *Crosse Welle.*

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,[6]
To be seducèd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, — by this pale Queen of night I swear, —
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by-and-by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buriéd.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buriéd.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

[6] The Poet always uses *conceit* in a good sense, for *conception, thought, understanding,* &c. So that *conceitless* has a bad sense, *void of judgment.*

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, *and* SILVIA *above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,[7] I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

[7] *Halidom*, says Minsheu, 1617, is "an old word used by old country-women, by manner of swearing." Nares derives it from *holy* and *dom*, like *kingdom*. So that the oath is much the same as "by my *faith*."

According to your ladyship's impose,[8]
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant and wise, remorseful,[9] well-accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

[8] *Impose* is merely a shortened form of *imposition*, meaning *command* or *injunction*.

[9] *Remorseful* is *pitiful, compassionate*. The Poet almost always uses *remorse* in the same sense,—a sense now obsolete except in *remorseless*.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[10]
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking[11] as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt* EGLAMOUR, *and* SILVIA *above*.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog*.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him — even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[12] and steals her capon's leg.

[10] *Grievances* for *griefs*. So the Poet very often has *griefs* for *grievances*. — In the next line we have a doubling of the subject, *which* and *they*. Shakespeare, in common with other writers of the time, Bacon among them, has many such; perhaps resulting from an attempt to introduce the Latin idiom of relative clauses where the English does not rightly admit of that idiom.

[11] *Recking* is *caring* or *minding;* a sense still current in *reckless*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "And *recks* not his own *read;*" that is, *regards* not his own *lesson*.

[12] *Trenchers* were used at the tables of the highest noblemen in Shakespeare's day, and were even thought fitting for the king's dining-room in the reign of Henry VIII.

O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep[13] himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. — Thou think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Re-enter PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — [*To* LAUNCE.] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

[13] *Keep* for *contain*, *hold* his *water*.

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this cur from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys[14] in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own, — who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end[15] turns me to shame! —
Sebastian, I have entertainèd[16] thee, [*Exit* LAUNCE.
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which — if my augury deceive me not —
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

14 "*Hangman* boys" is *rascally* boys; the word *hangman* having come to be used as a general term of reproach.

15 "Still an end" is an old colloquial phrase, meaning *continually* or *perpetually*.

16 *Entertainèd* here is *employed* or *taken into service;* a frequent usage with the Poet. So in ii. 4, of this play: "Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your servant."

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.[17]
She's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, *Alas?*

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, *Alas!*

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs: —
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I — unhappy messenger —
To plead for that which I would not obtain;

[17] That is, "from your *parting with* her token." Another instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So again, further on in this scene: "*To think* upon her woes I do protest," &c. Here we should naturally say *in thinking*. See, also, page 207, note 12.

To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmèd love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed. —

Enter SILVIA *below, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, — he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. —
[*The picture is brought.*
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter: —
[*Gives a letter.*
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised[18]
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold: [*Gives back the first letter.*
I will not look upon your master's lines:

[18] *Unadvised* for *unadvisedly*, and in the sense of *inconsiderately*. See page 203, note 5.

I know they're stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper. [*Tears the second letter.*

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.[19]
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But, since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,[20]
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,

[19] That is, "care for her," or "are tender of her." To *tender* was much used in that way; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3, with a play upon the word: "*Tender* yourself more dearly, or you'll *tender* me a fool."

[20] It seems that ladies, when going out, used to veil their beauty, or their want of it, with a mask. So Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses:* "When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That[21] now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,[22]
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning[23]
For Theseus' perjury and únjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholding[24] to thee, gentle youth:—
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!—

[21] *That*, with the force of *so that*, or *insomuch that*, occurs continually in these plays.

[22] *A-good* is *heartily* or *in good earnest.* So in Drayton's *Dowsabell*, 1593:

> But then the shepherd piped *a-good*,
> That all his sheep forsook their food
> To hear his melody.

[23] To *passion* is to express sorrow or emotion. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*: "Dumbly she *passions*, franticly she doteth."

[24] *Beholding* was continually used in Shakespeare's time where we should use *beholden*; the active form with the passive sense. According to *Butler's Grammar*, 1633, *beholding* "signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write *Beholden*; i.e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*." This shows that in 1633 the form *beholden* was growing into use. Shakespeare abounds in similar instances of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.

I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
[*Exit* SILVIA *with* Attendants.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects his mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[25]
Her eyes are grey as glass;[26] and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.[27]
What should it be that he respects in her,

[25] False hair was much worn by the ladies in Elizabeth's time, probably from a general desire to have hair like the Queen's, who was then taken as the standard of beauty. The fashion is referred to in *The Merchant*, iii. 2:

> So are those crispèd snaky golden locks
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposèd fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head.

[26] What we call *blue* eyes were always described as *grey* in the Poet's time. And *glass* was not colourless then, as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that "eyes grey as glass" were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.

[27] A high forehead or brow was considered eminently beautiful in the Poet's time. Here, again, the Queen's bald brow set the fashion; for, as White says, "there are fashions even in beauty."

But I can make respective[28] in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue[29] in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

[28] *Respective* for *respectable.* The same usage pointed out just above in note 24 holds in the active and passive forms of adjectives as well as in those of verbs and participles. Shakespeare is full of cases in point; such as *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *plausive* for *approvable*, *comfortable* for *comforting*, *disputable* for *disputatious*, *incredulous* for *incredible*, and ever so many others.

[29] The words *statue* and *picture* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." So too, in Massinger's *City Madam*, Frugal wants his daughters to "take leave of their late suitors' *statues*"; and Luke answers, "There they *hang*."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The Sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.—

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes
No doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe [1] them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.[2]

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

[1] *Owe* for *own* or *possess.* See page 104, note 7.

[2] Thurio means his lands; but Proteus chooses to take him as meaning his mental endowments, which, he says, are *out of his keeping*, or "out by lease"; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce.

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish[3] girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

1 Out. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our Captain.

[3] *Peevish* for *foolish*, the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 Out. Come, bring her away.
1 Out. Where is the gentlemen that was with her?
3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood;
There is our Captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
[*Exeunt all but the First* Outlaw *and* SILVIA.
1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record[1] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy fórlorn swain!—[*Noise within.*

[1] To *record* was used for to *sing*. So in Drayton's *Eclogues:* "Fair Philomel, night-music of the Spring, sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony." And Cotgrave explains *Regasoiuller*, "To report, or to *record*, as birds, one another's warbling."

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
'Tis sure, my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to-do[2]
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [*Retires.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love:
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much — for more there cannot be —
I do detest false perjured Proteus!
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

[2] The Poet uses *to-do* repeatedly with the exact meaning of *ado*. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Faith, there has been much *to-do* on both sides." Commonly printed *to do*.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,[3]
When women cannot love where they're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first-best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.[4]
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst love's nature, — I will force ye.

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, —
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love, —
For such a friend is now; — thou treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

[3] *Approved* is *made good*, or *proved true*. The old sense of the word, which occurs very often so in Shakespeare.

[4] That is, "*in loving* me." See page 207, note 12.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep'st: O time most curst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me. —
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.[5]

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

[5] A strange dramatic freak! almost transporting us at once into the theatrical world, or rather no-world, of Beaumont and Fletcher. Some editors have tried very hard to make the passage look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. Dyce no doubt takes the right view of it: "This 'act of friendship' on the part of Valentine is indeed ridiculously 'over-strained'; nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism'; but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the Poet; and in stories popular during his youth he may have found similar instances of romantic generosity."

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see: —
Why, 'tis the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy,[6] sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![7]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, — if shame live
In a disguise of love:[8]
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

6 "Cry you mercy" is exactly the same in sense as "ask your pardon." Often used so by the Poet.

7 The allusion to archery is continued. To *cleave* the pin was in archery to hit the mark in the centre, or what is here called the *root*. So, two lines before, that which *gave aim* was the mark at which the shafts were aimed.

8 The meaning appears to be, "If it is any shame to wear a disguise in such a cause."

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with the* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the Duke. —
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banishèd Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means[9] for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home[10] again.
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,

[9] To *make* means for a thing is to *use* means or *take pains* in order to gain it.

[10] To *repeal* one home is elliptical language, meaning to repeal one's sentence of exile, and let him come home.

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept[11] withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—
Come, let us go: we will include[12] all jars
With triumphs,[13] mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discoverèd:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

[11] The Poet repeatedly uses *kept* in the sense of *dwelt* or *lived.* So in *The Merchant*, iii. 3: "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

[12] *Include* in the sense of *conclude* or *put an end to.* So the Latin poets, and also the later prose writers, sometimes use the verb *includo.*

[13] *Triumphs* here means pageants, such as masques and shows. The word was often used thus.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 162. *That's a deep story of a deeper love;*
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. *'Tis true;* and *you are over boots in love.* — In the last of these lines, the original has *for* instead of *and.* The logical unfitness of *for* is evident enough. Collier's second folio substitutes *but.*

P. 162. Val. *No,*
I will not, for it boots not.
Pro. *What?*
Val. To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, &c. — The original has the verse badly disordered here, printing "No, I will not, for it boots *thee* not" all in one line, running "To be" into the same line with "In love," &c., and setting "coy looks" at the beginning of the next line. The reading and arrangement in the text are Walker's.

P. 163. At *Milan let me hear from thee by letters.* — The original has "*To* Millaine." The correction is Malone's.

P. 164. *I* leave *myself, my friends, and all, for love.* — The original has *love* instead of *leave.* Corrected by Pope.

P. 164. *Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;*
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Make *wit with musing weak,* &c. — The original has "*Made* wit with musing weake." This implies *thou* to be the subject of the

last clause, — "thou hast made wit," &c.; whereas the sense intended evidently is, "thou *hast caused me* to make wit," &c. The change of *made* to *make* was proposed by Johnson. Mr. W. W. Williams justly observes that, "by accepting the ordinary reading, we suppose Julia to affect the wit of Proteus by *her own* musing; whereas her influence was only indirect."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 170. *Let's see your song.* Why, *how now, minion!* — So Hanmer. The original omits *Why.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 177. *And now you are* so *metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you,* &c. — So Singer and Collier's second folio. The original lacks *so.*

P. 179. *For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;*
And you, being in love, cannot see to beyond *your* nose. — The old text reads "cannot see to *put on* your *hose.*" Either this is stark nonsense, or else it involves a riddle which nobody has been able to guess. The reading in the text was proposed by the Cambridge Editors.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 184. *O, that* the shoe *could speak now like a* wood *woman!* — The original reads "Oh that *she* could speake now like a *would* woman." The correction of *she* to *the shoe* is Hanmer's; of *would* to *wood,* Theobald's. Pope changes *would* to *old,* which may be the better reading.

P. 184. *In* my *tail!* — So Hanmer. The old text has "In *thy* tail."

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 189. Sil. *That you are welcome?*
Pro. No; *that you are worthless.* —
So Johnson, and with evident propriety. The original is without *No.*

P. 189. Serv. *Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.* — So Theobald. The original assigns this speech to Thurio. Some modern editors make Thurio go out when Proteus enters, and re-enter here, to do the servant's message; which is hardly consistent with what follows, — "Come, Sir Thurio." Besides, the old copies have many clear instances of speeches wrongly assigned. So, in v. 2, of this play, one of Julia's speeches is assigned to Proteus, and one to Thurio.

P. 189. *Come, Sir Thurio,*
Go you *with me.* — So Capell. The old copies are without *you.*

P. 189. Those *high-imperious thoughts have punish'd me*
With bitter fasts, &c. — The original reads "*Whose* high-imperious thoughts"; whereupon Lettsom remarks as follows: "The context imperiously commands us to read *Those* with Johnson. Mr. Staunton confirms Johnson's conjecture while he opposes it."

P. 191. Why, *then let her alone.* — So Hanmer. The old text lacks *Why.*

P. 191. *And then I'll presently attend* on *you.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The original omits *on.* Walker says, "Surely 'attend *on* you.'"

P. 192. *Is it mine* eye, *or* Valentinus' *praise?* — The original lacks *eye,* and prints "*Valentines* praise." Warburton proposed *eye,* and Theobald inserted it. The form *Valentinus* has occurred before.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 193. *Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to* Milan! — The original has *Padua.* Evidently wrong, as the scene is in Milan.

P. 194. *If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse,* so; *if not, thou art an Hebrew.* — So the second folio. The first omits *so,* after *alehouse.*

ACT II., SCENE 6.

P. 195. *If I lose them,* this *find I by their loss.* — So Theobald. The original has *thus* instead of *this.*

ACT II., SCENE 7.

P. 197. *And so by many winding nooks he strays,*
With willing sport, to the wide *ocean.*—The original has "*wilde* ocean." The correction is from Collier's second folio. The two words were often confounded; and Collier rightly observes that "Julia is referring to the expanse of the sea, and not to its turbulence."

P. 199. *And instances* o' the *infinite of love.*—The original has "instances *of* infinite of love," which the second folio changes to "instances *as* infinite." Malone reads "instances *of the* infinite." See foot-note 7.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 203. *There is a lady in* Milano *here.*—The original has *Verona;* which cannot be right, as the scene is plainly in Milan. The correction is from Collier's second folio. "Nothing," says Dyce, "was more common than for poets to use different forms of the same name, as the metre might require." So, in this play, we have *Valentinus* for *Valentine.*

P. 207. *I fly not death, to fly* this *deadly doom.*—So Dyce. The original has "to fly *his* deadly doom." There appears nothing for *his* to refer to. Singer plausibly reads "to fly *is* deadly doom"; and notes, "Valentine has before said 'to be banished from Silvia is to die.' He now says, I do not escape death by departing; if I fly hence, I fly away from life." But Singer appears not to have duly remarked Shakespeare's gerundial use of the infinitive. See foot-note 12.

P. 209. *And yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one* in love.—The original reads "if he be but one *knave*"; out of which nobody has been able to make any sense. Warburton reads "but one *kind*"; Hanmer, "but one *kind of* knave." The reading in the text was proposed by Staunton, and, I think, accords very well with the context, and with the speaker's humour of speech. Repetition of words is one of the commonest of misprints; and it seems most likely that *knave* got repeated here by mistake from the line before.

P. 210. *The long cate-log of her* conditions.—The original has *condition;* but what follows shows it should be *conditions.* Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 210. *With my* master's ship? *Why, it is at sea.* — The original has "With my *Mastership?*" Corrected by Theobold.

P. 211. *She is not to be* kiss'd *fasting, in respect of her breath.* — The original omits *kiss'd*, which was supplied by Rowe. Dyce supports it by an apt quotation from Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, ii. 1: "I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting."

Act III., Scene 2.

P. 214. *For thou has shown* some *sign of good desert.* — Collier's second folio reads "*sure* sign"; which I am apt to think the right lection.

P. 215. *But say, this* wean *her love from Valentine.* — The old copies have "*weed* her love." Rowe made the change, which is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 216. When *you may temper her.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies read *Where.*

P. 216. *And frame some feeling* lines
That may discover such *integrity.* — The original has *line* instead of *lines*, — the reading proposed by Mr. Swynfen Jervis. The old copies abound in singulars and plurals misprinted for each other. — Collier's second folio changes "*such* integrity" to "*strict* integrity." Very plausible at first right; but misses the right sense. Lettsom suggests "such *idolatry*." Plausible, again. But see foot-note 6.

Act IV., Scene 1.

P. 217. O, *sir, we are undone!* — So Capell. The old text omits *O.*

P. 218. *We'll have him:* — Sir, *a word.* — So Walker. The old text has *Sirs.* But it appears that the address is to Valentine only.

P. 220. *Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our* cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall *rest at thy dispose.* — The original has *crewes* for *cave*, and *all* instead of *shall.* The first correction is

from Collier's second folio, and accords with what is said in v. 3: "Come, I must bring you to our Captain's *cave*." The other correction is Pope's.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 222. *How now!* you're sadder *than you were before*. — So Heath and Walker. The original has "are you sadder," &c.

P. 225. Enter EGLAMOUR. — Here the original and also the most of modern editions mark the beginning of a new scene: "SCENE III. *The Same*." As there is confessedly no change of place, but only of persons, there is plainly no cause for marking a new scene. The same occurs again a little after, where we have "*Enter* LAUNCE, *with his Dog*"; the editions aforesaid print "SCENE IV. *The Same*." Thus they mark as three distinct scenes what is in fact only a continuation of one and the same scene, with two changes of persons. The arrangement in the text is by Dyce.

P. 226. *Valiant* and *wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.* — So Pope. The original lacks *and*, thus making a bad halt in the verse, and one quite out of place.

P. 228. *How many masters would do this for* their *servant?* — So Pope. The old text has *his* instead of *their*.

P. 229. *What, didst thou offer her this* cur *from me?* — So Collier's second folio. The original lacks *cur*. I cannot think the Poet meant such a gap in the verse here.

P. 229. *The other squirrel was stolen from me by the* hangman *boys.* — So Singer, very happily; and Dyce notes that "the folio — which is so frequently faulty in adding *s* to words — has 'By the Hangmans boyes.'" See foot-note 14.

P. 230. *Well,* well, *give her that ring, and therewithal*
This letter. — The second *well* is wanting in the old text. Added by Walker.

P. 232. *As easily as I do tear* this *paper.* — The original has *his* instead of *this*. The correction is Dyce's.

P. 234. *I hope my master's suit will be but cold,*
Since she respects his *mistress' love so much.* — So Hanmer. The original has "respects *my* Mistris love." Doubtless *my* got repeated by mistake from the line before.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 236. Jul. [Aside.] *But love will not be spurr'd,* &c. — The original assigns this speech to Proteus, and Julia's next speech to Thurio. The first was corrected by Boswell, the other by Rowe.

P. 237. *But,* indeed, better *when you hold your peace.* — The original reads "But *better indeed.*" Corrected by Dyce.

P. 237. *Which of you saw* Sir *Eglamour of late?* — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions omit *Sir.*

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 239. These *shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.* — The original has "*This* shadowy desert," &c., thus making *desert* a substantive. The correction is made in Collier's second folio; but Dyce says he had changed *This* to *These* long before that volume was known; and he quotes appositely from Peele's *David and Bethsabe:* "To *desert woods,* and hills with lightning scorch'd."

P. 240. 'Tis sure, *my mates, that make their wills their law,*
Have some unhappy passenger in chase. — The original has "*These are* my mates"; which does not connect well with what follows. The correction is Singer's. Collier's second folio reads "These my *rude* mates."

P. 241. *I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,*
And love you 'gainst love's *nature,* — I will *force ye.* — The old text has the second line thus: "And love you 'gainst the nature of Love: force ye." Walker notes that the metre of this line "is evidently out of joint." The changes here made rectify the metre without altering the sense. As Proteus says, in the next line, "I'll *force* thee yield to my desire," Walker observes that "one of these *forces* must be wrong." But he suggests no remedy, nor can I.

P. 241. *Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—*
For such a friend is *now,*—thou *treacherous man,* &c.—The original reads "For such *is a friend* now," and lacks *thou,* which was supplied in the second folio. I suspect the true reading to be, "For such a friend *art thou*"; that is, a friend "without faith or love." But the whole speech evinces either extreme rawness or extreme haste in the writing.

P. 241. *Nought but mine eye*
Could have persuaded me: I dare not say
I have one friend alive; &c.—So Pope. The original has "*now* I dare not say."

P. 242. *Who should be trusted, when one's* own *right hand*
Is perjured to the bosom?—The original omits *own,* and the second folio completes the verse by printing "Who should be trusted *now,*" &c. The correction in the text is Johnson's.

P. 242. *The private wound is deep'st: O time most* curst.—So Johnson. The original has "most *accurst.*"

P. 243. *Why,* 'tis *the ring I gave to Julia.*—The original reads "Why *this is* the ring"; which presents such a hitch in the verse, that I can hardly believe Shakespeare to have written it. And we have repeated instances of *this* misprinted for *'tis.* Walker thinks the Poet may have written "this' the ring," as he no doubt sometimes made and marked contractions in that way.

P. 244. *Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,*
Milano *shall not hold thee.*—So Collier's second folio. The original has *Verona,* which cannot be right. Other changes have been made; but *Milano* best meets the two demands of sense and metre.

P. 245. *What think you of this page, my lord?*—To fill up the verse, Walker suggests "my *worthy* lord," and Collier's second folio has "this *stripling* page." I should prefer "my *noble* lord."